RAMANA MAHARASHI

The carefree, fun-loving boy changed suddenly. Meditative and withdrawn, Vekataraman or Ramana Maharshi, as he was later named, left his loved ones and set out to find his true calling. The Maharshi's simplicity, his quiet wisdom and his love for every living being – be it a tree, an animal or the lowliest of people – brought a peace and calm that suffused every devotee who came before him.

OTHER ACK VISIONARIES:

RAMANUJA

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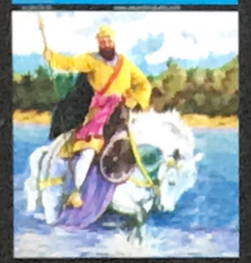

RAM SHASTRI

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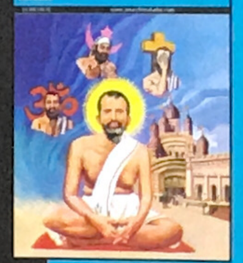

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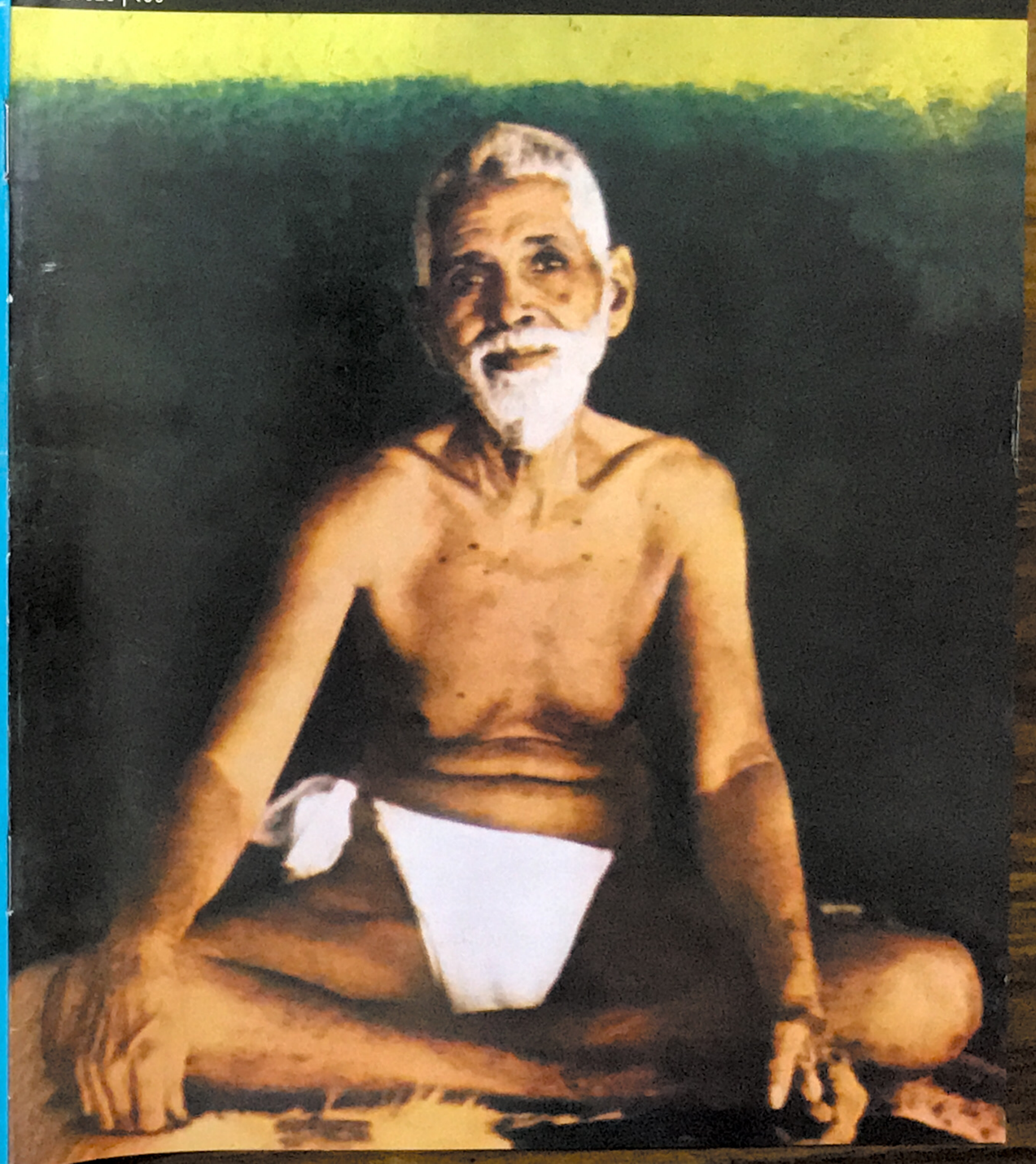
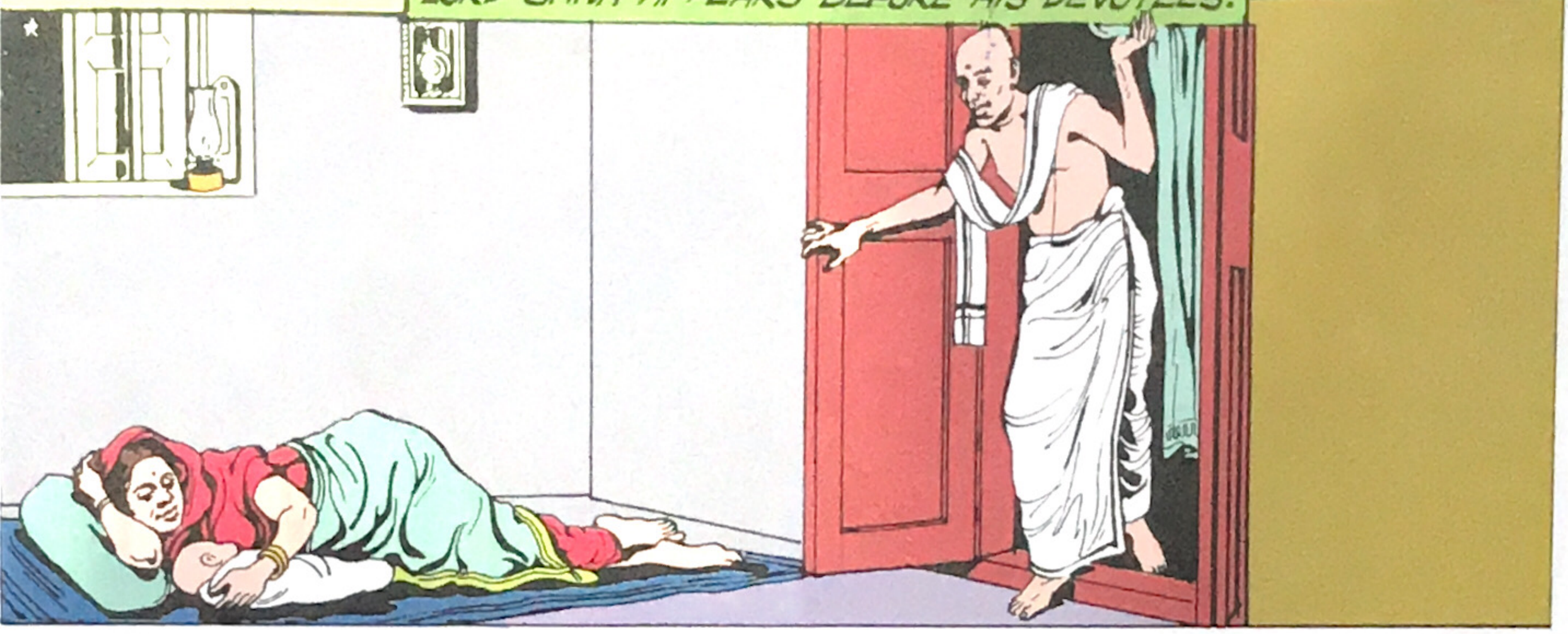
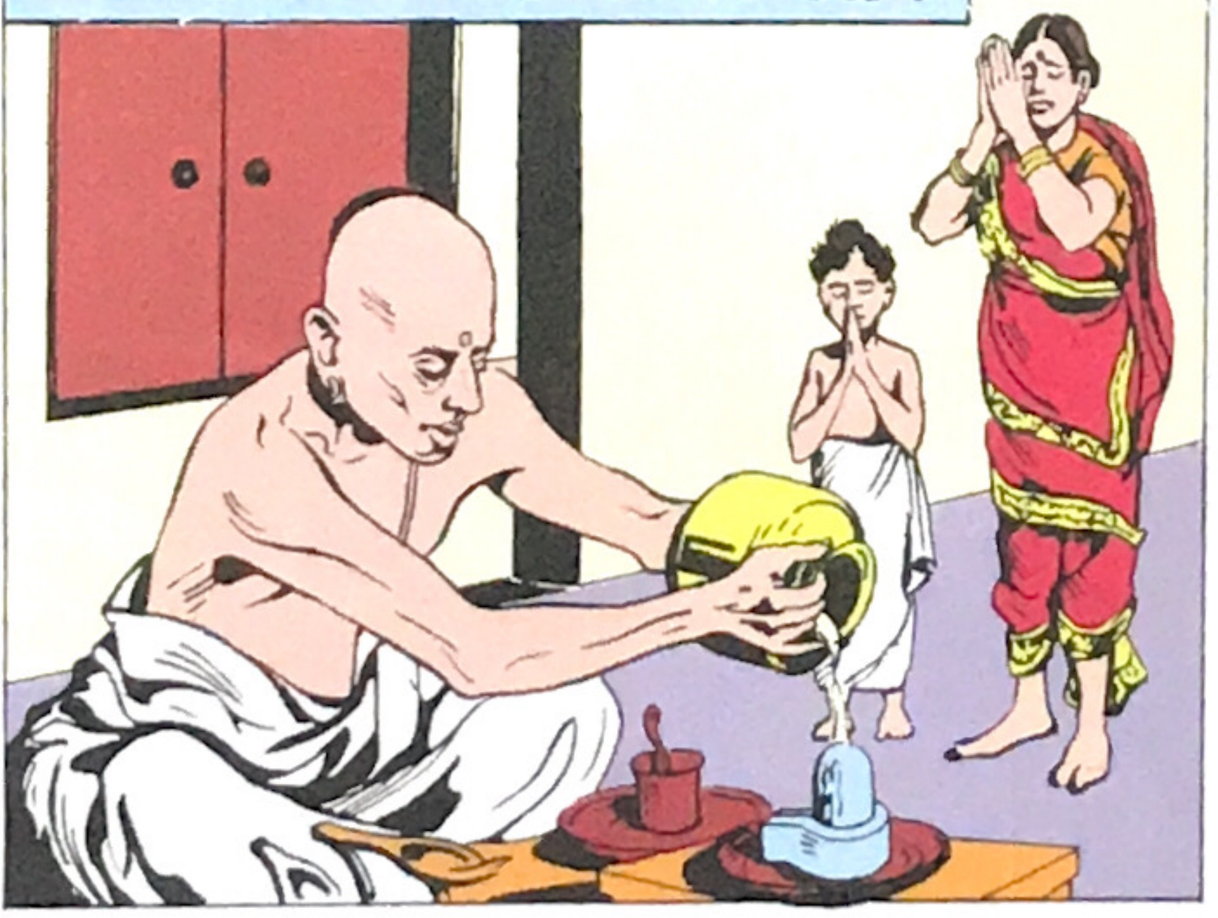


RAMANA MAHARSHI

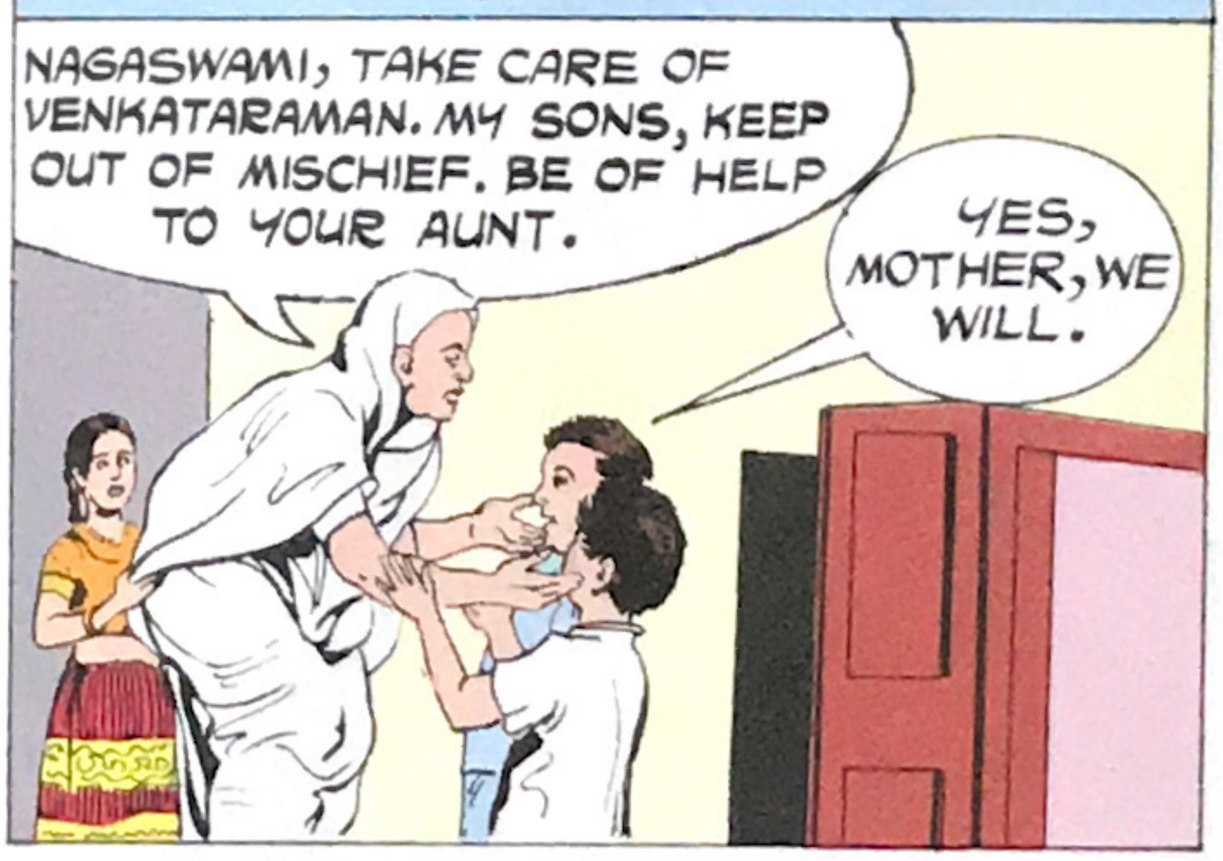
ON DECEMBER 30, 1879, IN THE VILLAGE OF TIRUCHUZHI, A CHILD WAS BORN TO SUNDARAM IYER AND HIS WIFE, ALAGAMMAL. IT WAS THE DAY OF ARDRA DARSHAN— THE DAY ON WHICH LORD SHIVA APPEARS BEFORE HIS DEVOTEES.



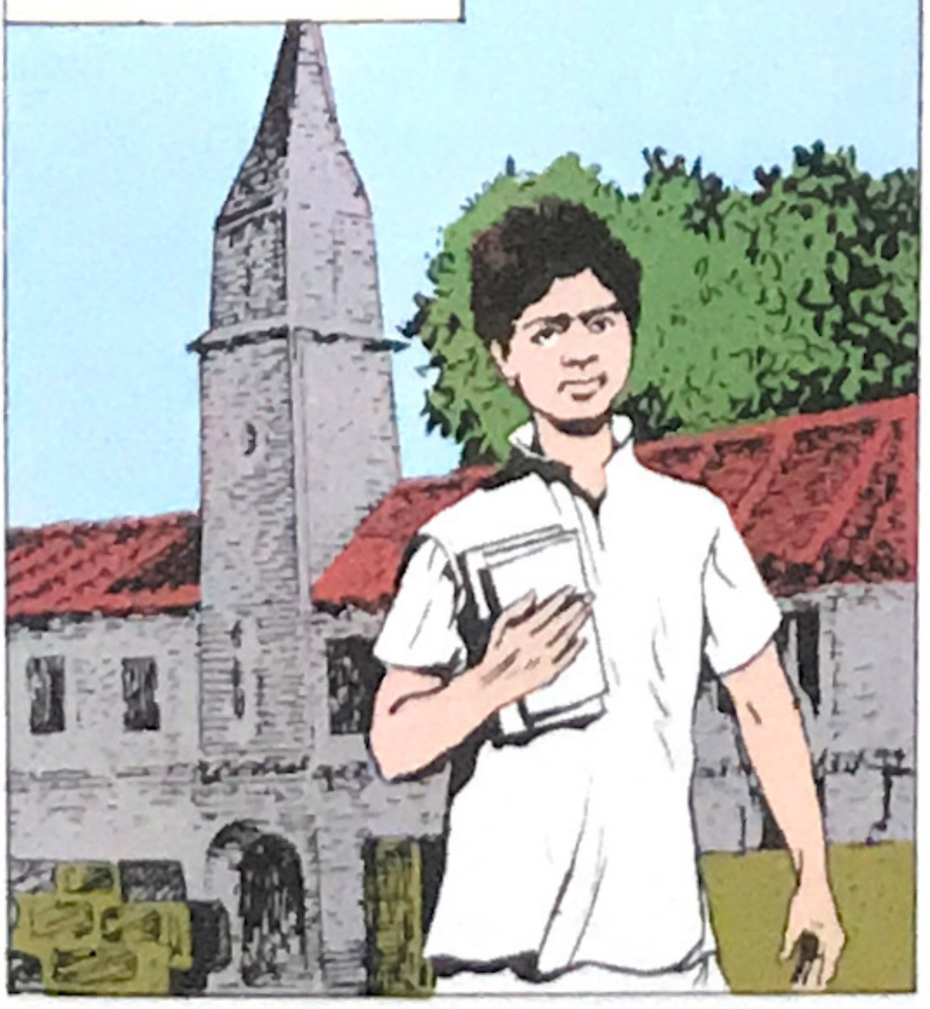
THE CHILD WAS NAMED VENKATARAMAN. HIS PARENTS WERE DEVOUT PEOPLE AND HE GREW UP IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF LOVE AND DEVOTION TO GOD.



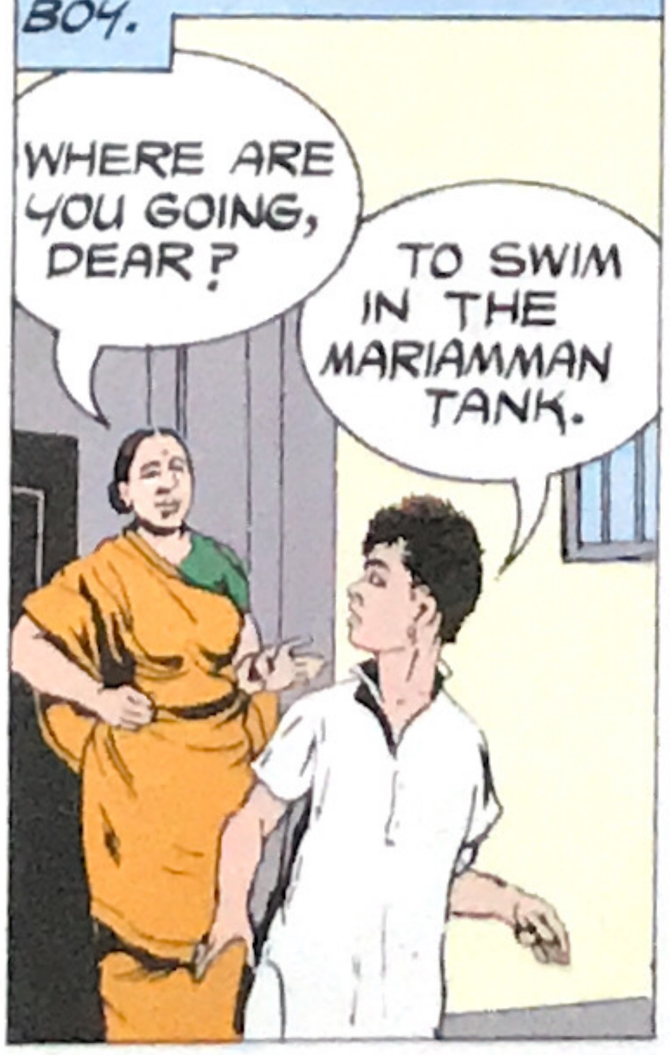
BUT SOON, TRAGEDY STRUCK THIS HAPPY FAMILY. SUNDARAM IYER DIED. ALAGAMMAL DECIDED TO SEND VENKATARAMAN AND HIS ELDER BROTHER TO MADURAI TO STAY WITH THEIR UNCLE.

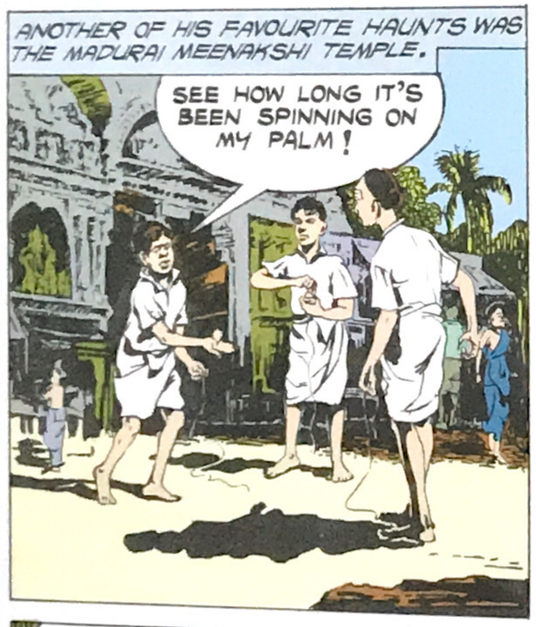


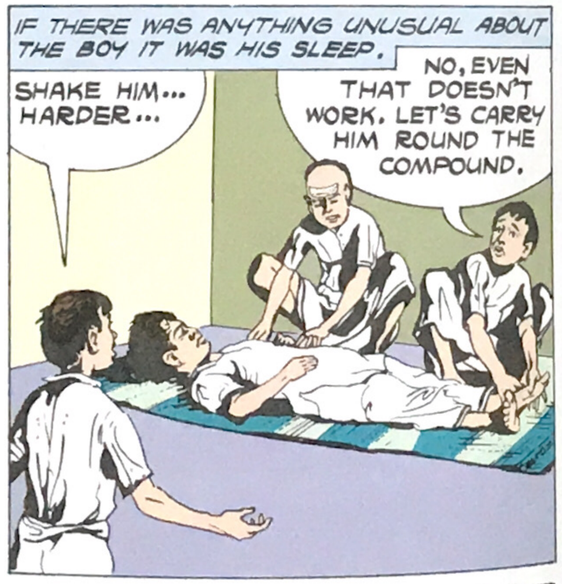
AT MADURAI, VENKATARAMAN JOINED THE AMERICAN MISSION HIGH SCHOOL.

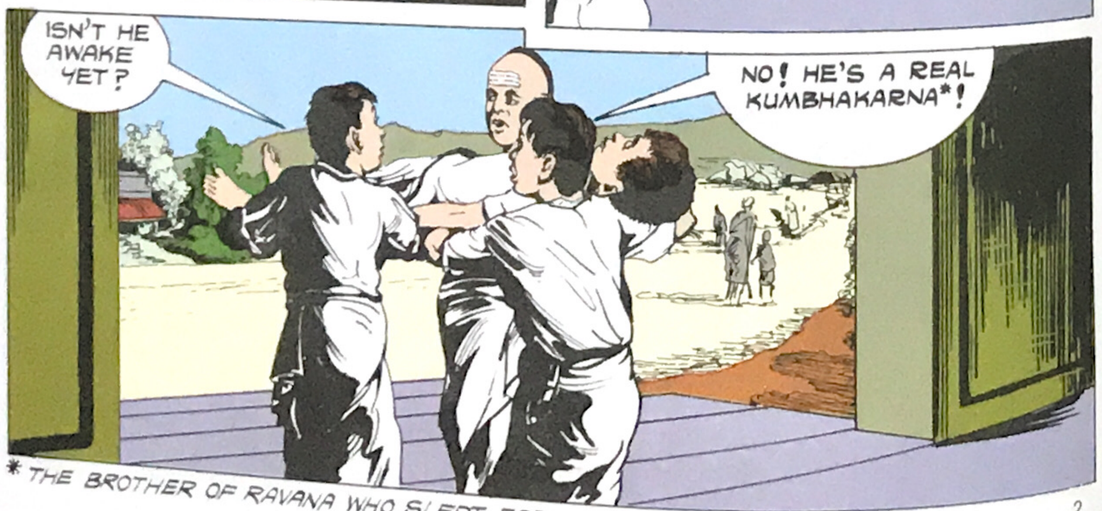


VENKATARAMAN WAS A STRONG, HIGH-SPIRITED BOY.

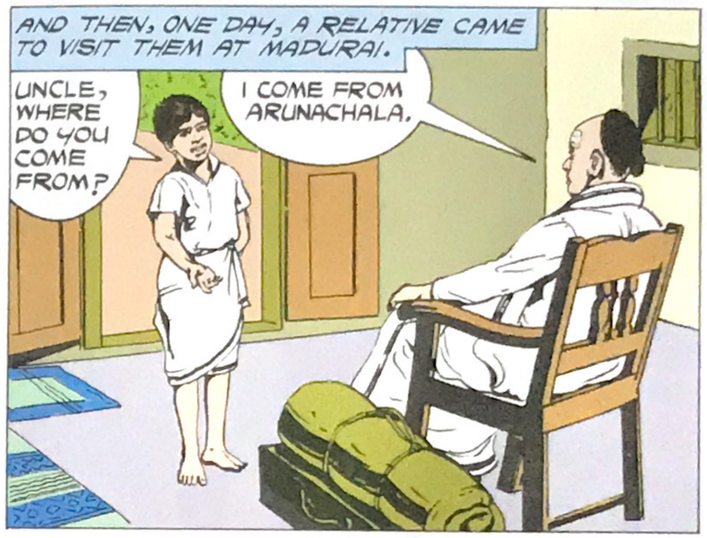


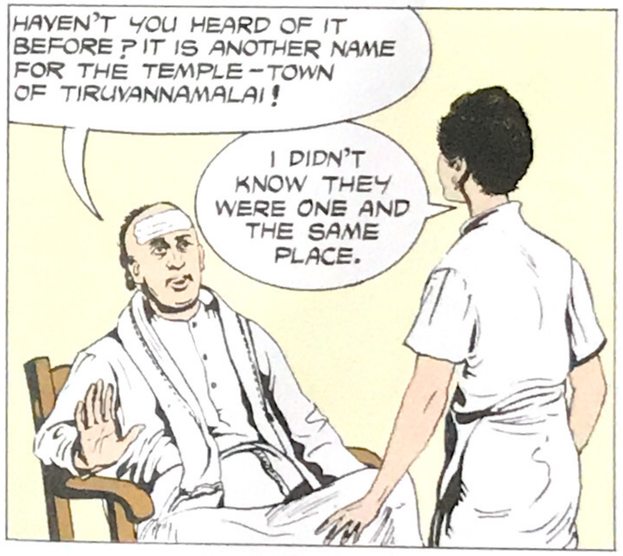


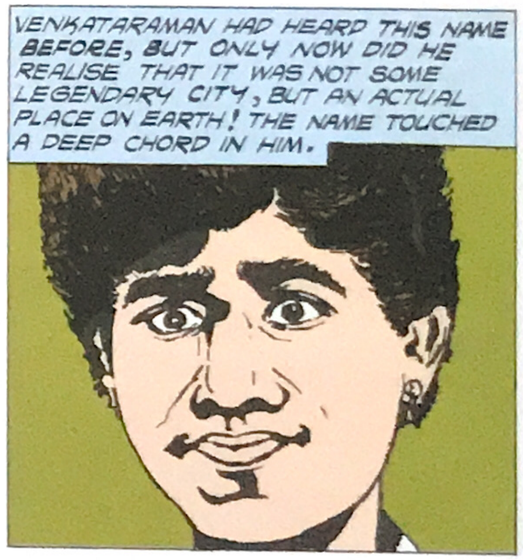


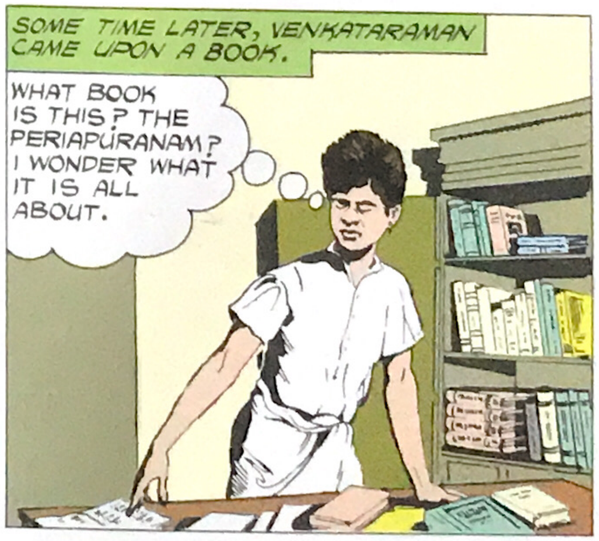


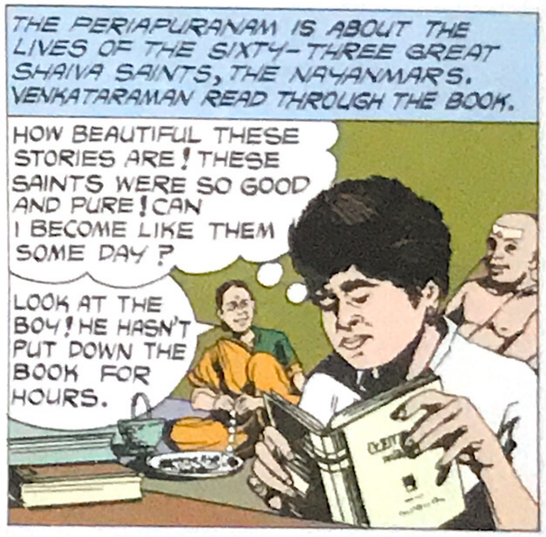
* THE BROTHER OF RAVANA WHO SLEPT FOR MONTHS AT A STRETCH

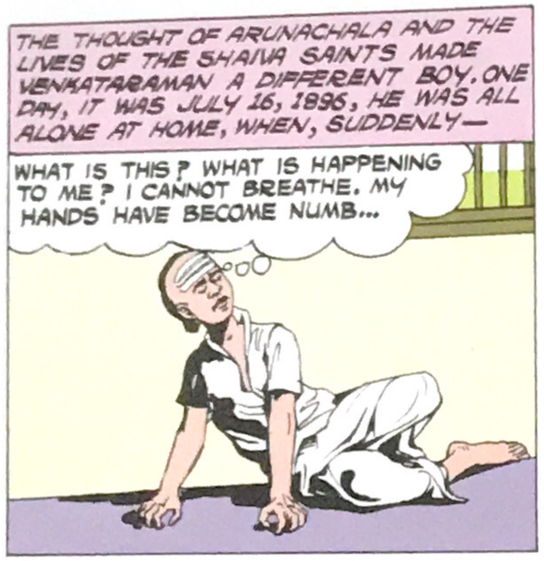


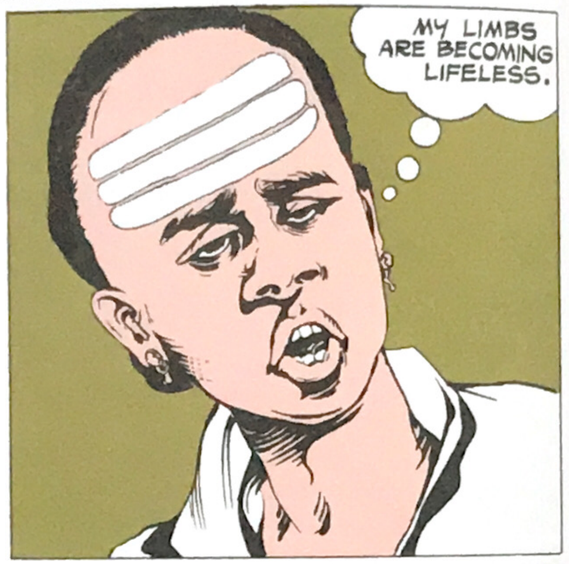




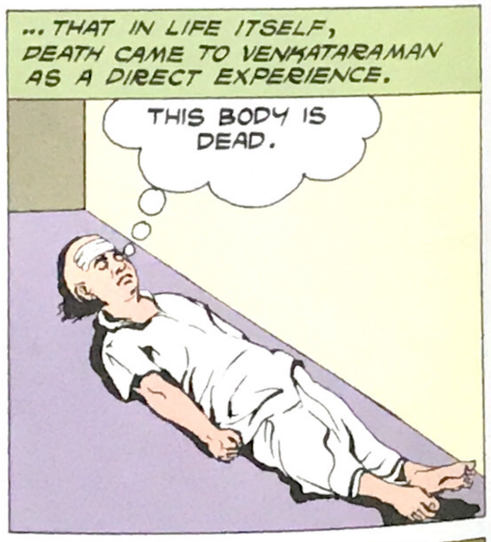


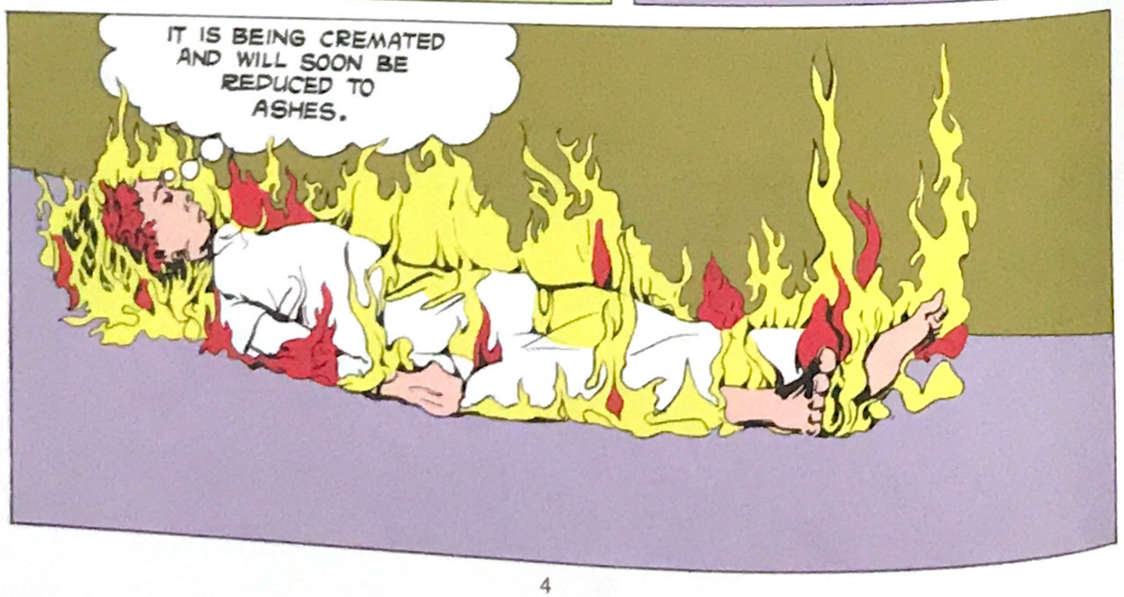


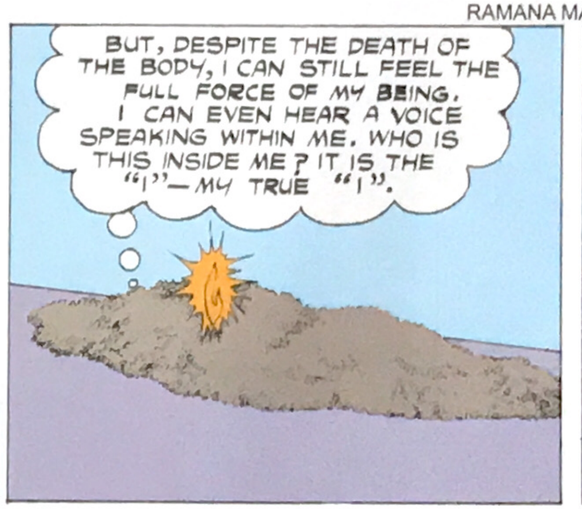


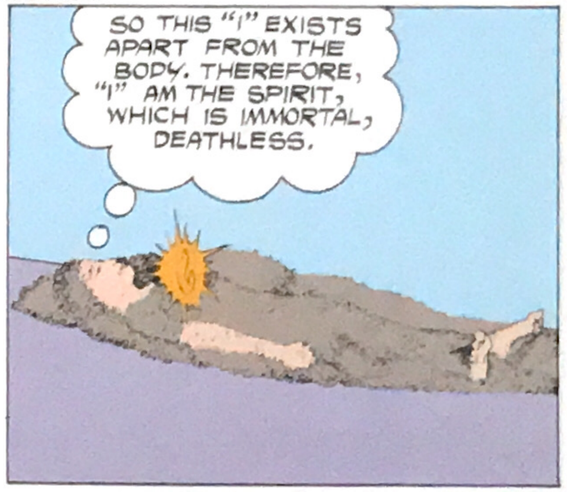


THE ENERGY THAT DRAINED OUT OF HIS LIMBS, CONVERGED ON THIS QUESTION WITH SUCH INTENSITY...

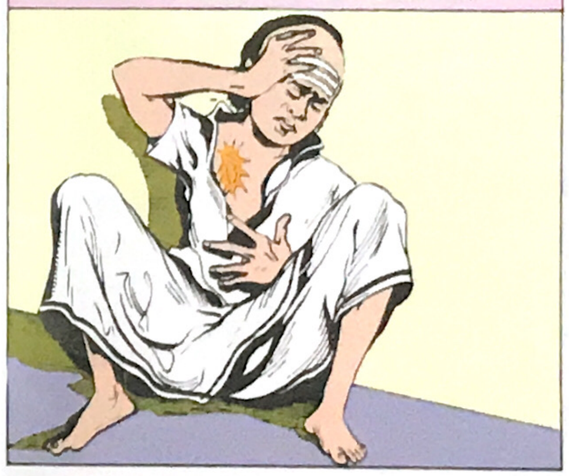




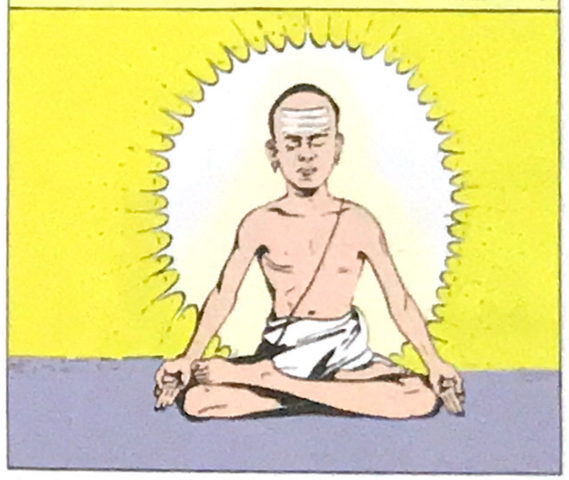




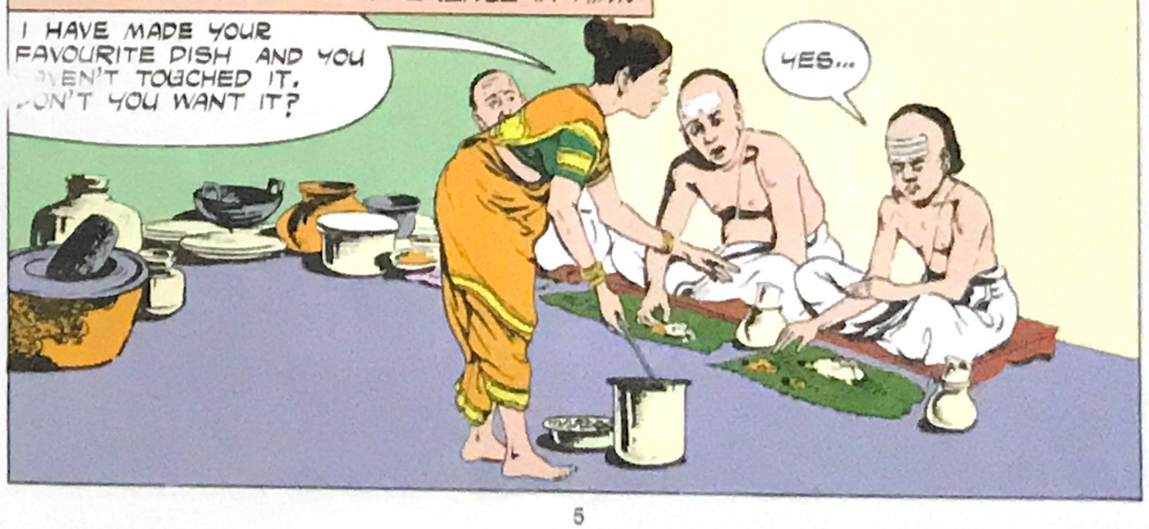
THEN THE BLOOD FLOWED THROUGH HIS LIMBS AGAIN AND HE BEGAN TO BREATHE. THE DEATH EXPERIENCE WAS OVER.

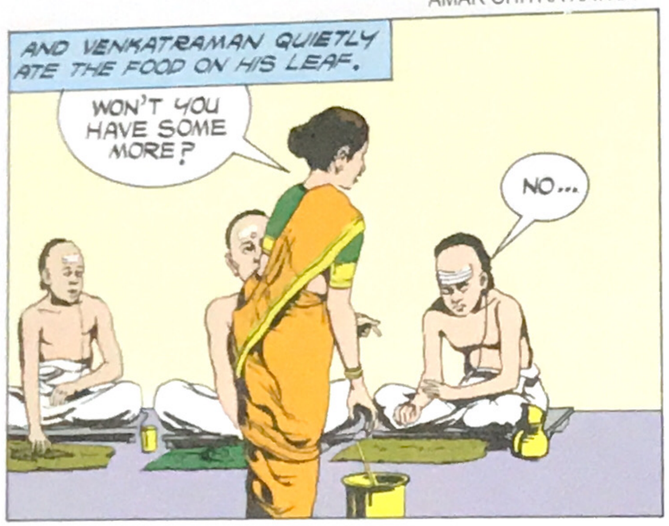


BUT DURING THAT INTENSE HALF-HOUR, THE PLAYFUL YOUNG SCHOOLBOY HAD ATTAINED REALISATION OF THE TRUE "I".

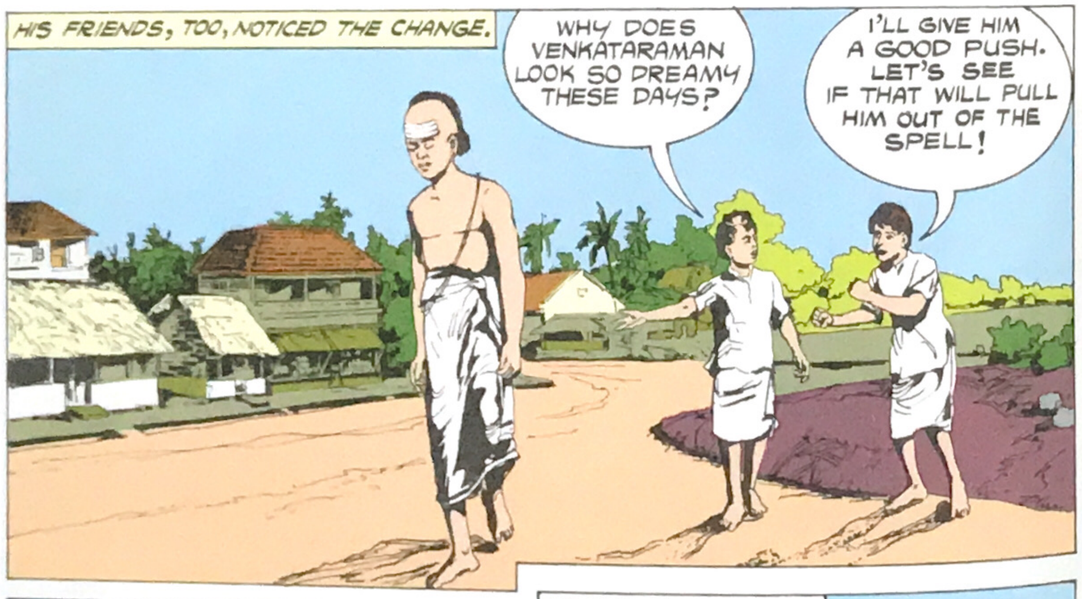


NOTHING COULD BE THE SAME AGAIN FOR VENKATARAMAN. EVERYONE NOTICED THE DIFFERENCE IN HIM.

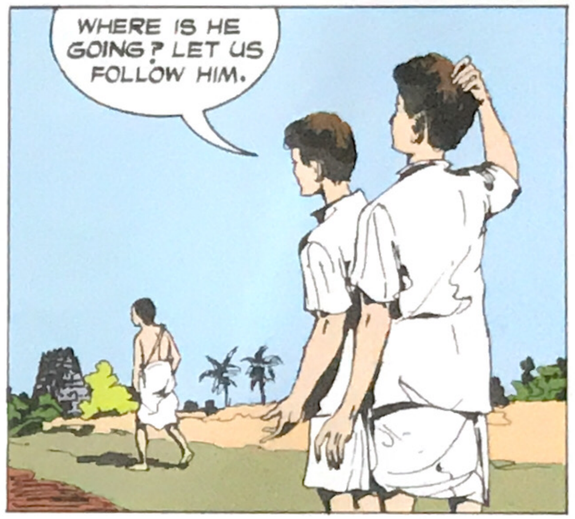


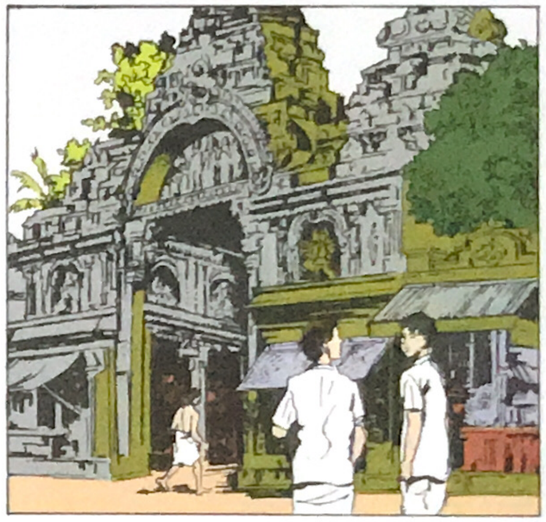

AND VENKATARAMAN QUIETLY ATE THE FOOD ON HIS LEAF.
WON'T YOU HAVE SOME MORE?
NO...

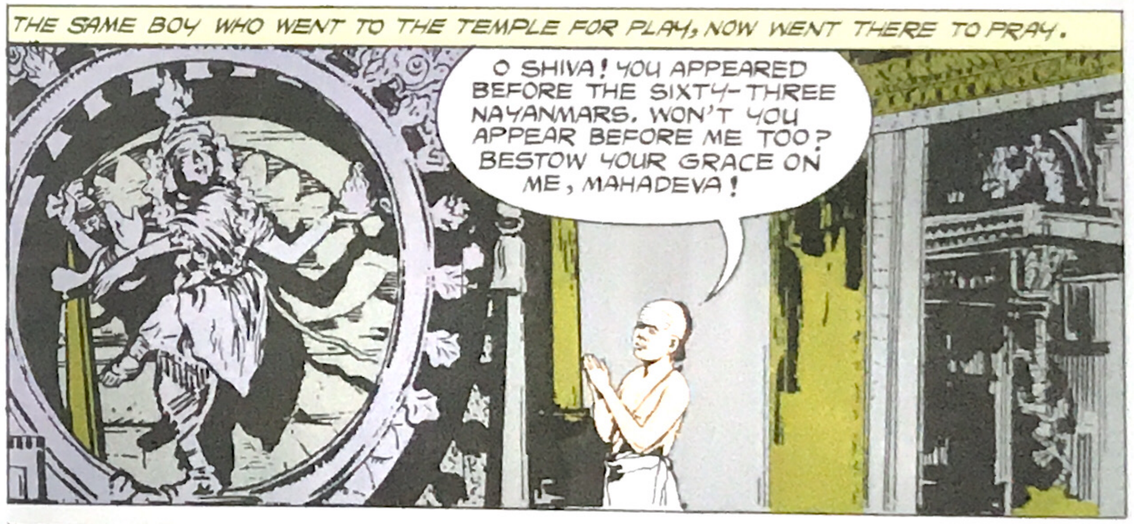
I AM WORRIED. VENKATARAMAN HAS CHANGED. HE RARELY GOES OUT TO PLAY. HE SITS IN A CORNER, LOST IN THOUGHT.

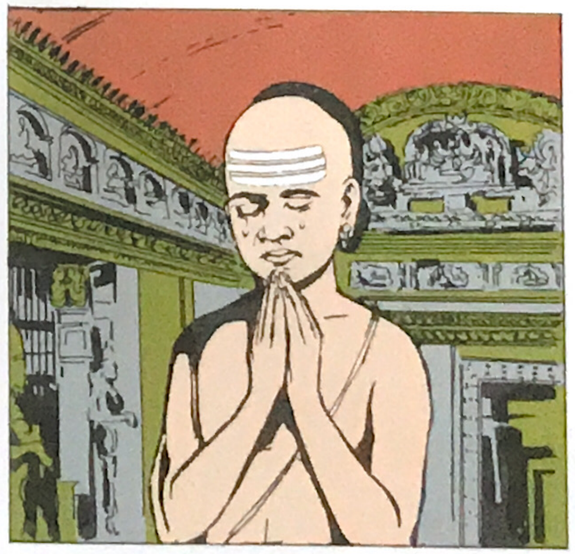

HIS FRIENDS, TOO, NOTICED THE CHANGE.
WHY DOES VENKATARAMAN LOOK SO DREAMY THESE DAYS?
I'LL GIVE HIM A GOOD PUSH. LET'S SEE IF THAT WILL PULL HIM OUT OF THE SPELL!

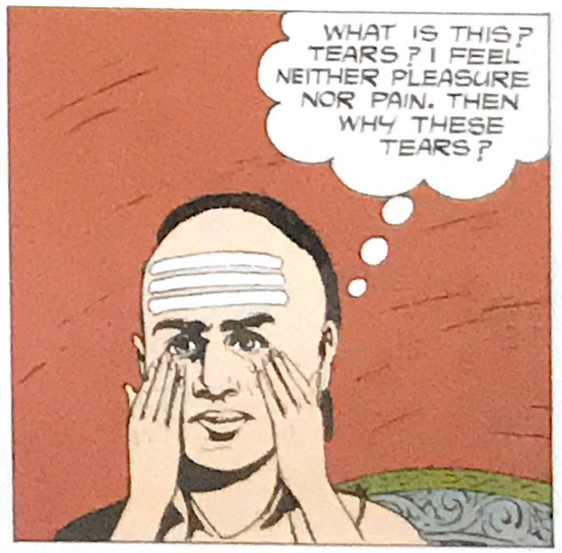
DID YOU SEE THAT? HE JUST WALKED ON AS IF NOTHING HAD HAPPENED!

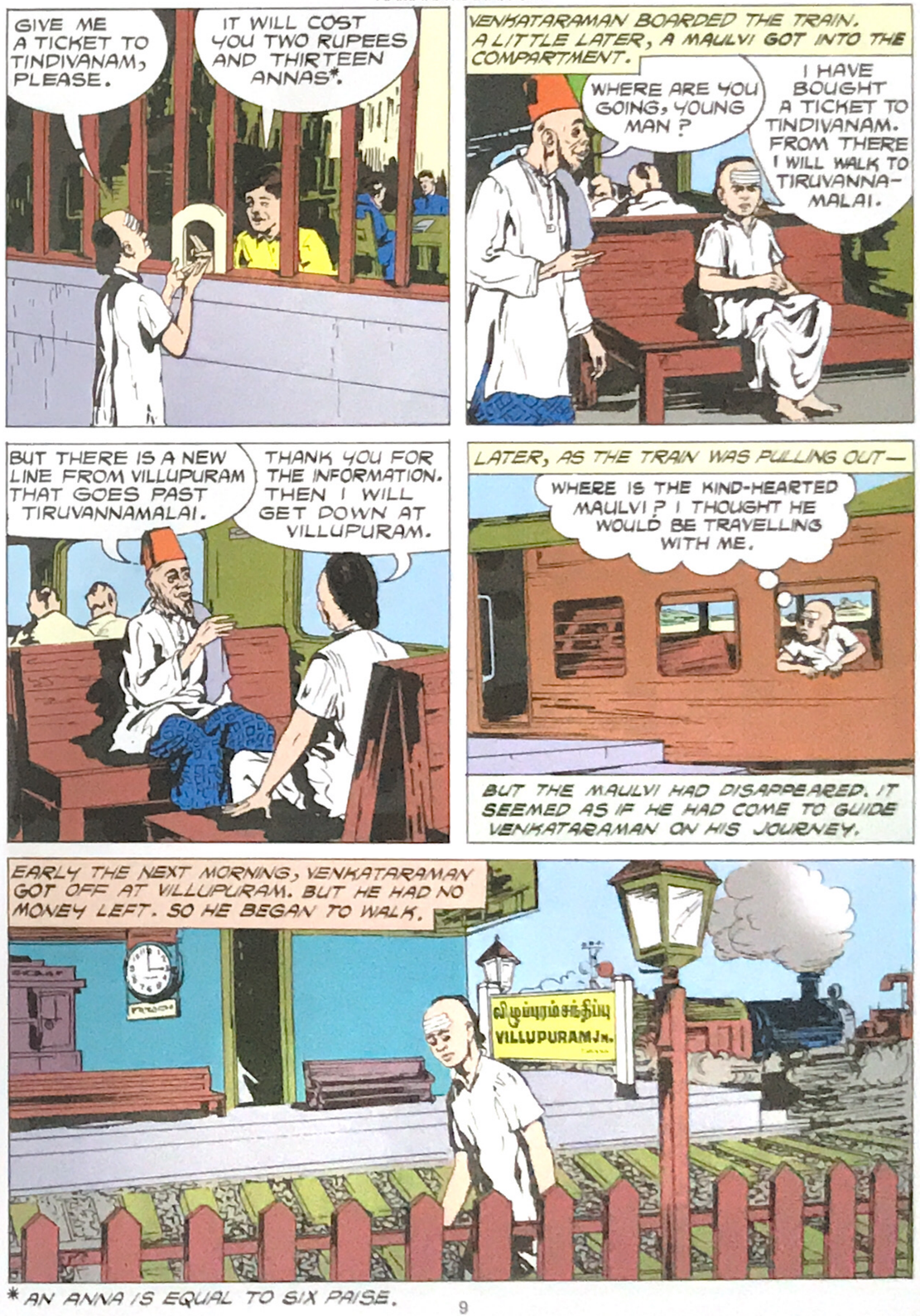

WHERE IS HE GOING? LET US FOLLOW HIM.



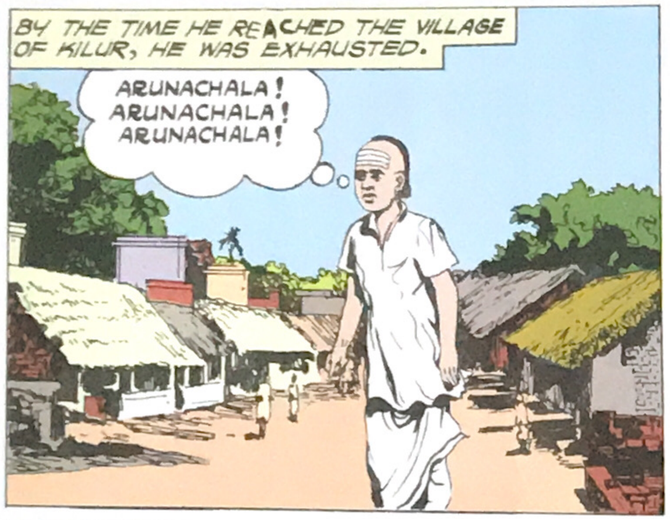

THE SAME BOY WHO WENT TO THE TEMPLE FOR PLAY, NOW WENT THERE TO PRAY.
O SHIVA! YOU APPEARED BEFORE THE SIXTY-THREE NAYANMARS. WON'T YOU APPEAR BEFORE ME TOO? BESTOW YOUR GRACE ON ME, MAHADEVA!

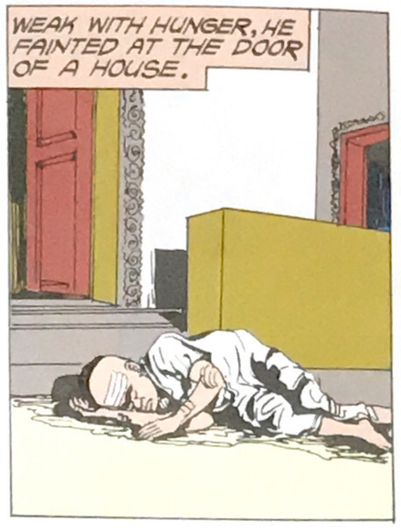


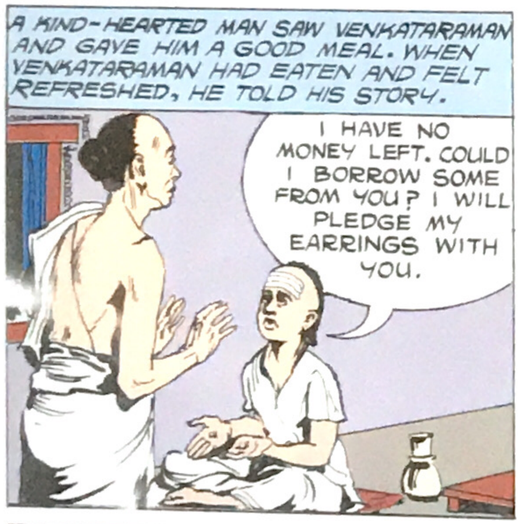

WHAT IS THIS? TEARS? I FEEL NEITHER PLEASURE NOR PAIN. THEN WHY THESE TEARS?

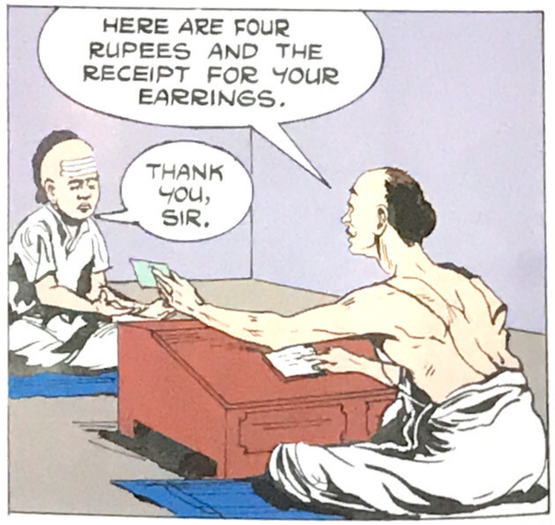


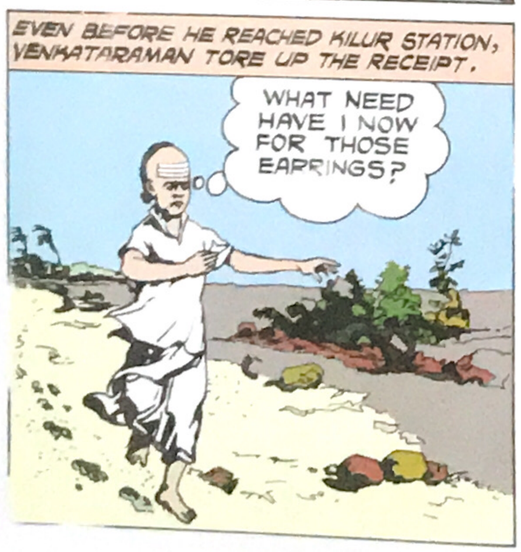
* AN ANNA IS EQUAL TO SIX PAISE.


BY THE TIME HE REACHED THE VILLAGE OF KILUR, HE WAS EXHAUSTED.
ARUNACHALA! ARUNACHALA! ARUNACHALA!

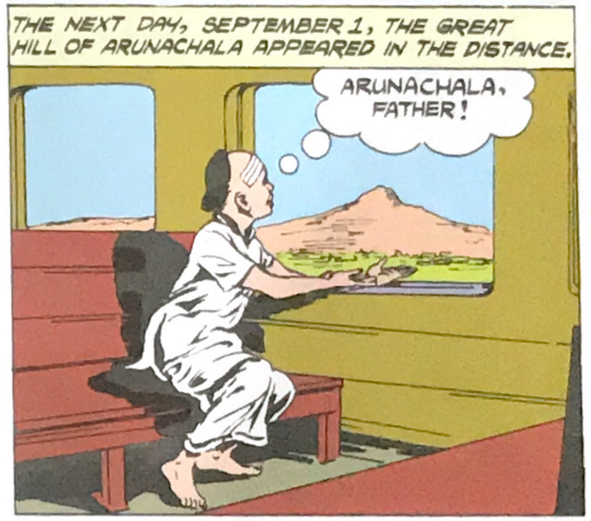

WEAK WITH HUNGER, HE FAINTED AT THE DOOR OF A HOUSE.


A KIND-HEARTED MAN SAW VENKATARAMAN AND GAVE HIM A GOOD MEAL. WHEN VENKATARAMAN HAD EATEN AND FELT REFRESHED, HE TOLD HIS STORY.
I HAVE NO MONEY LEFT. COULD I BORROW SOME FROM YOU? I WILL PLEDGE MY EARRINGS WITH YOU.

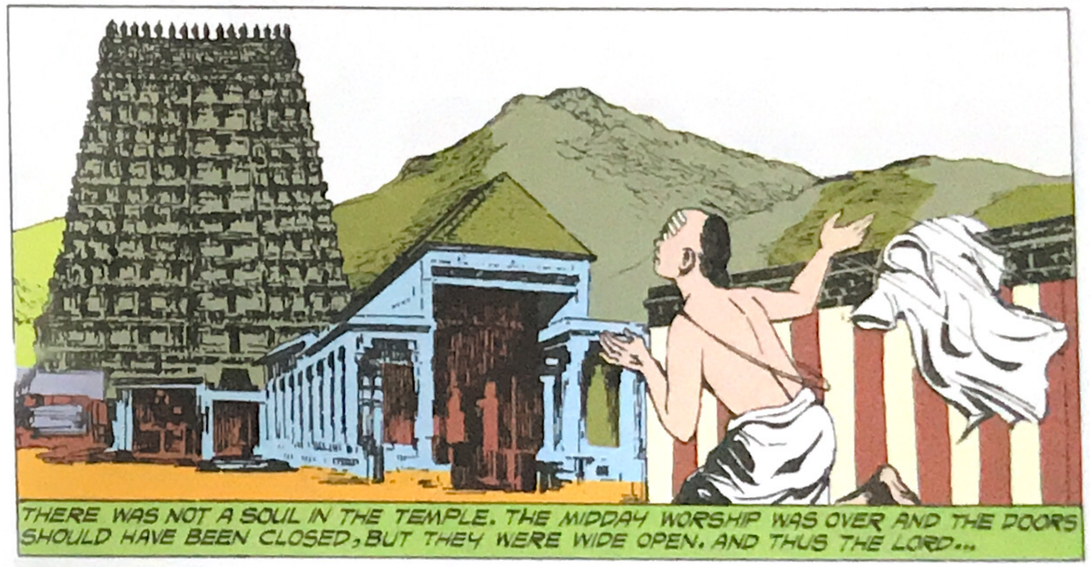

HERE ARE FOUR RUPEES AND THE RECEIPT FOR YOUR EARRINGS.
THANK YOU, SIR.

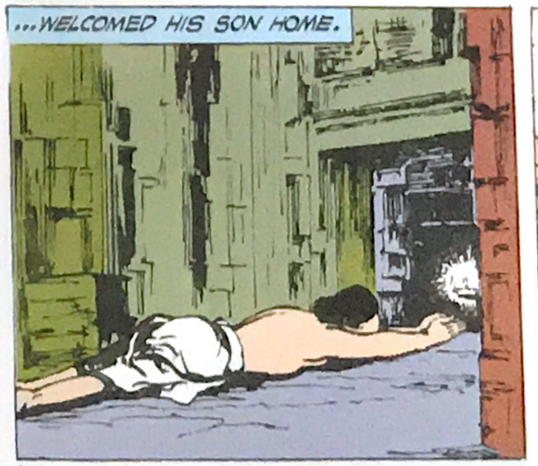

EVEN BEFORE HE REACHED KILUR STATION, VENKATARAMAN TORE UP THE RECEIPT.
WHAT NEED HAVE I NOW FOR THOSE EARRINGS?

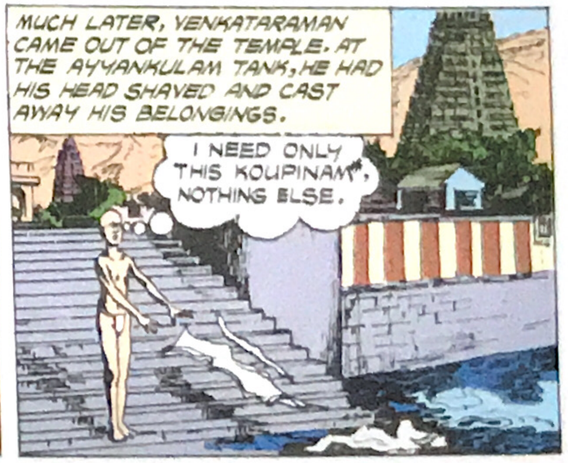
HE CAUGHT THE TRAIN FOR TIRUVANNAMALAI.


THE NEXT DAY, SEPTEMBER 1, THE GREAT HILL OF ARUNACHALA APPEARED IN THE DISTANCE.
ARUNACHALA, FATHER!

திருவண்ணாமலை
TIRUVANNAMALAI

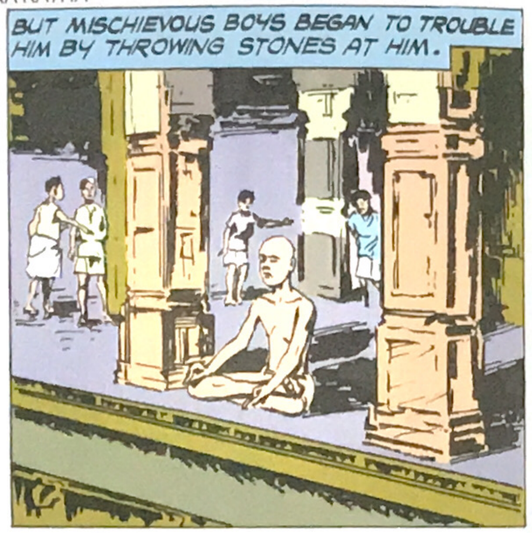

THERE WAS NOT A SOUL IN THE TEMPLE. THE MIDDAY WORSHIP WAS OVER AND THE DOORS SHOULD HAVE BEEN CLOSED, BUT THEY WERE WIDE OPEN. AND THUS THE LORD...

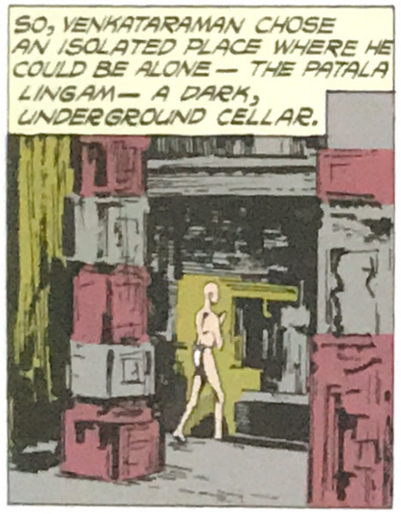

...WELCOMED HIS SON HOME.

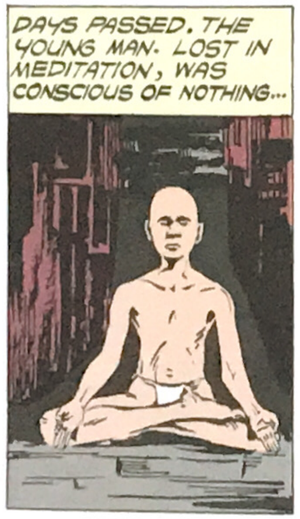

MUCH LATER, VENKATARAMAN CAME OUT OF THE TEMPLE. AT THE AYYANKULAM TANK, HE HAD HIS HEAD SHAVED AND CAST AWAY HIS BELONGINGS.
I NEED ONLY THIS KOUPINAM*, NOTHING ELSE.

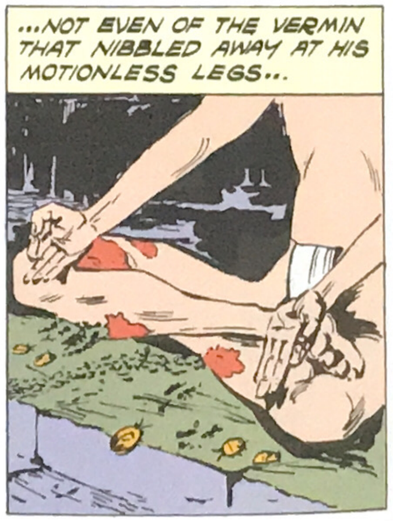
*LOIN-CLOTH

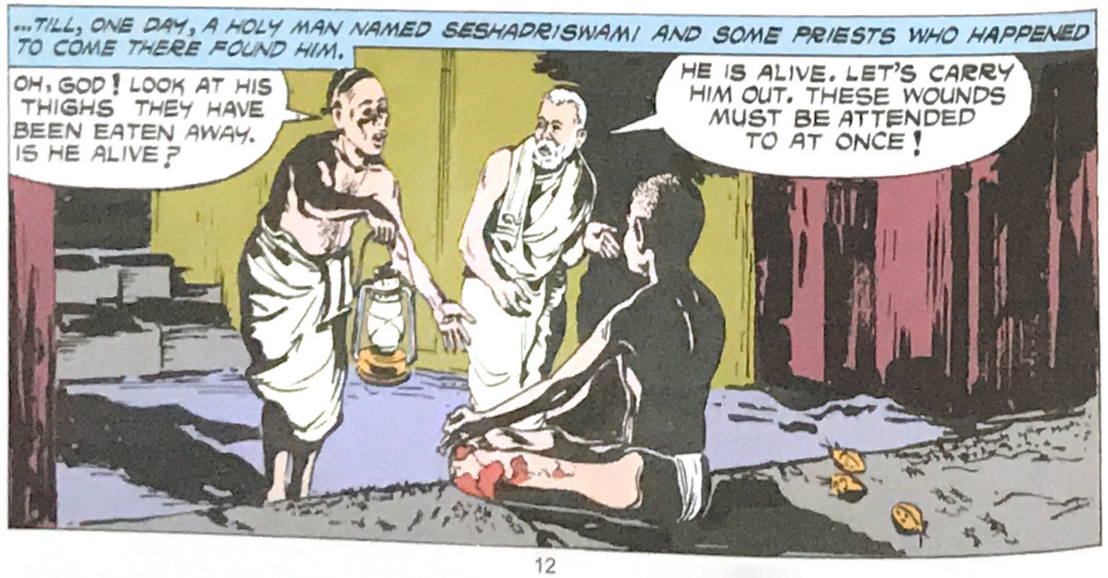
IN THE HALL OF A THOUSAND PILLARS, HE SAT DOWN TO MEDITATE.

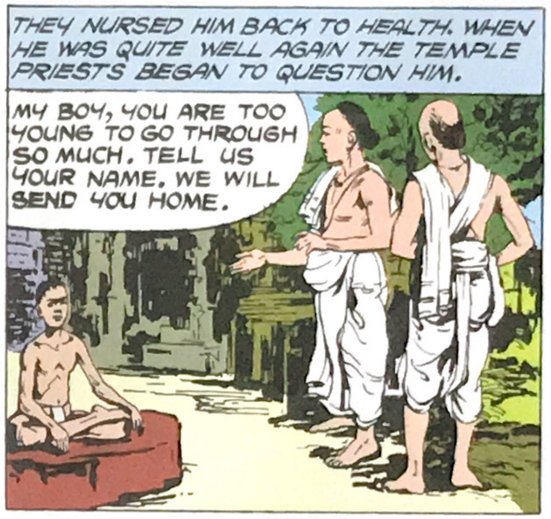

BUT MISCHIEVOUS BOYS BEGAN TO TROUBLE HIM BY THROWING STONES AT HIM.

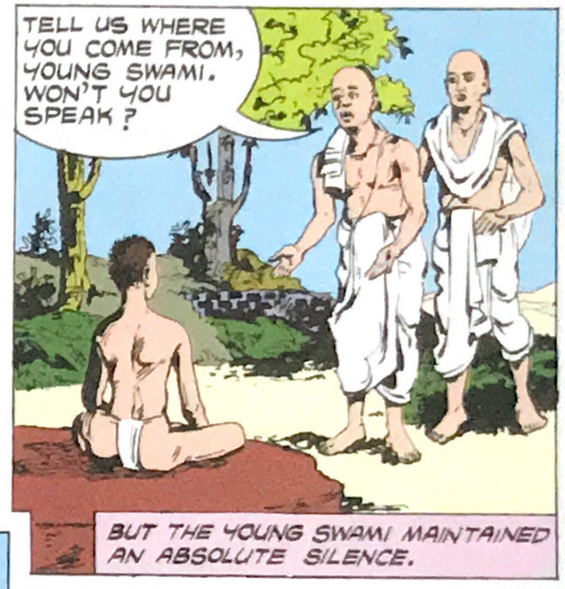

SO, VENKATARAMAN CHOSE AN ISOLATED PLACE WHERE HE COULD BE ALONE — THE PATALA LINGAM — A DARK, UNDERGROUND CELLAR.

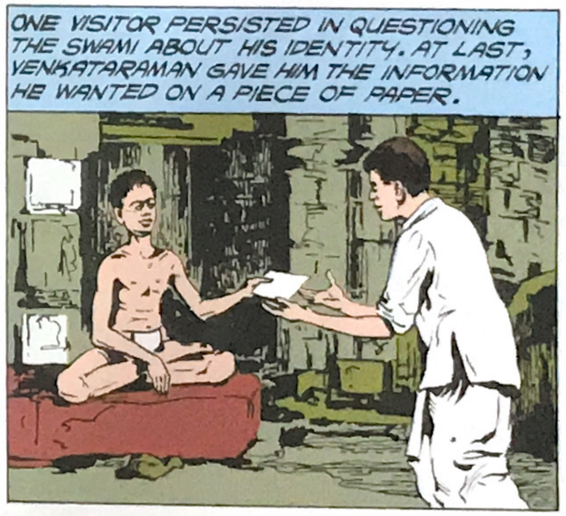

DAYS PASSED. THE YOUNG MAN. LOST IN MEDITATION, WAS CONSCIOUS OF NOTHING...

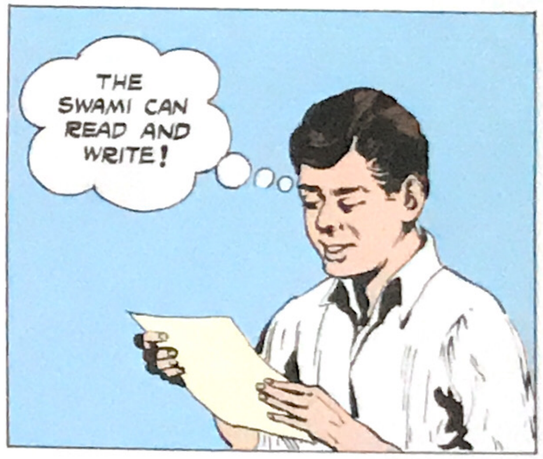

...NOT EVEN OF THE VERMIN THAT NIBBLED AWAY AT HIS MOTIONLESS LEGS...

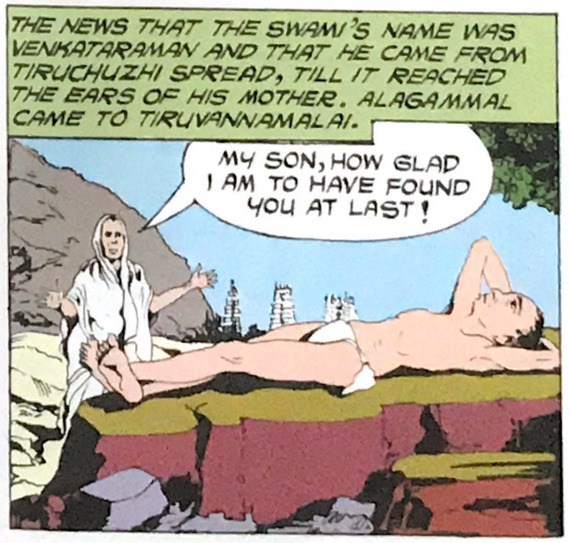

...TILL, ONE DAY, A HOLY MAN NAMED SESHADRISWAMI AND SOME PRIESTS WHO HAPPENED TO COME THERE FOUND HIM.
OH, GOD! LOOK AT HIS THIGHS THEY HAVE BEEN EATEN AWAY. IS HE ALIVE?
HE IS ALIVE. LET'S CARRY HIM OUT. THESE WOUNDS MUST BE ATTENDED TO AT ONCE!

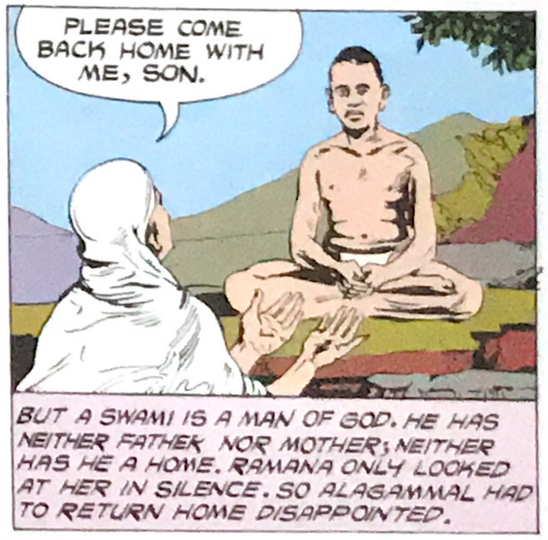

THEY NURSED HIM BACK TO HEALTH. WHEN HE WAS QUITE WELL AGAIN THE TEMPLE PRIESTS BEGAN TO QUESTION HIM.
MY BOY, YOU ARE TOO YOUNG TO GO THROUGH SO MUCH. TELL US YOUR NAME. WE WILL SEND YOU HOME.

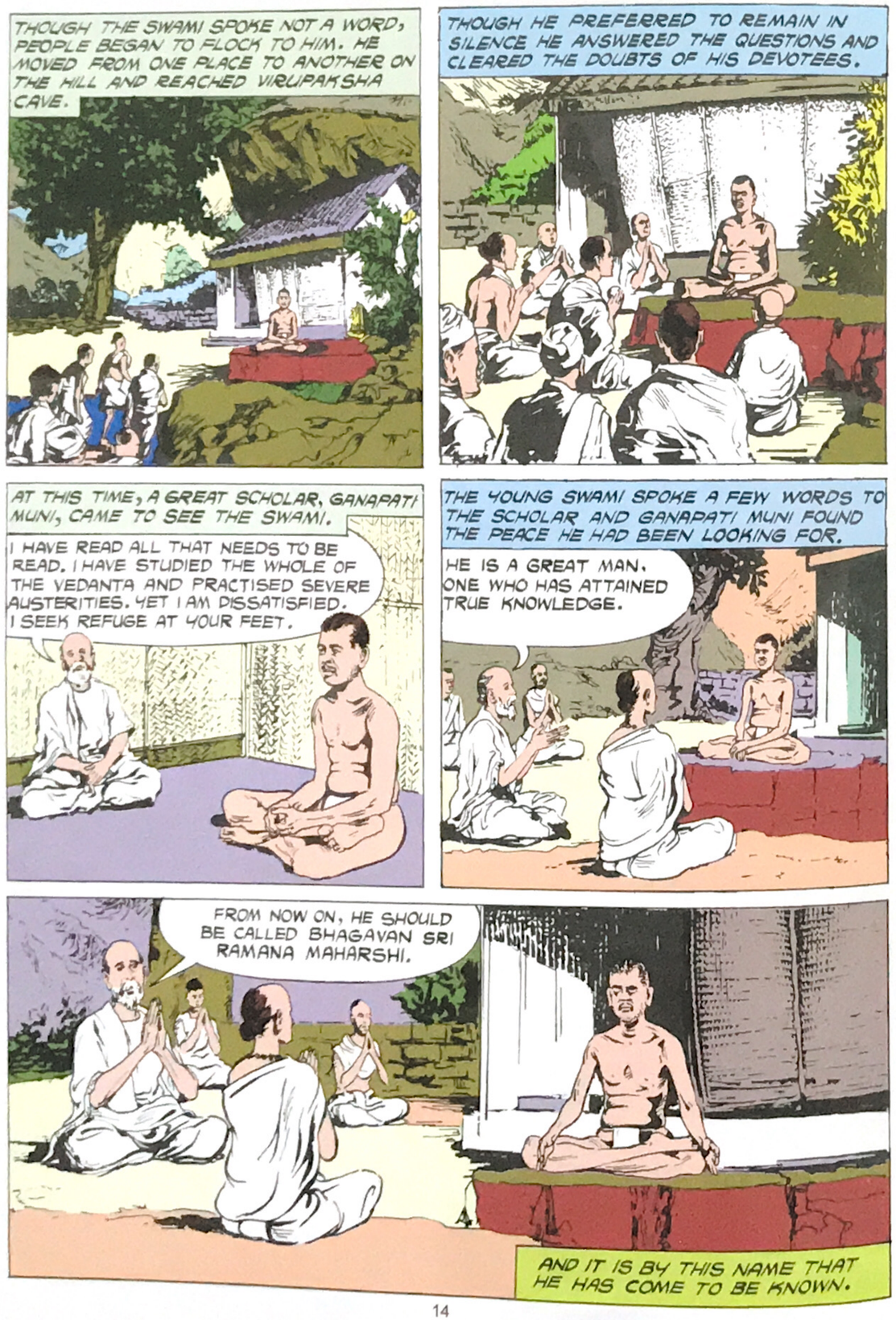

TELL US WHERE YOU COME FROM, YOUNG SWAMI. WON'T YOU SPEAK?
BUT THE YOUNG SWAMI MAINTAINED AN ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

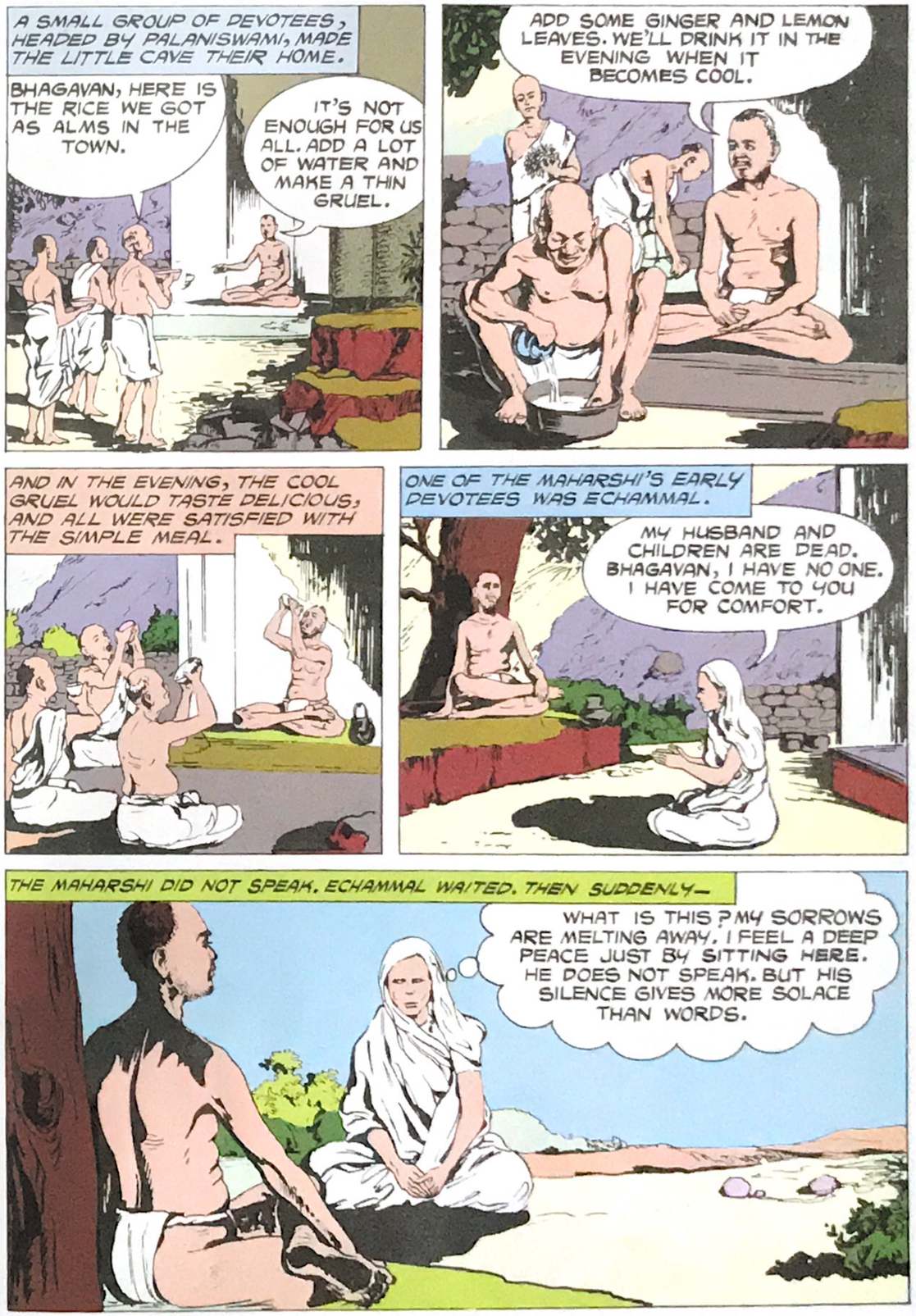

ONE VISITOR PERSISTED IN QUESTIONING THE SWAMI ABOUT HIS IDENTITY. AT LAST, VENKATARAMAN GAVE HIM THE INFORMATION HE WANTED ON A PIECE OF PAPER.

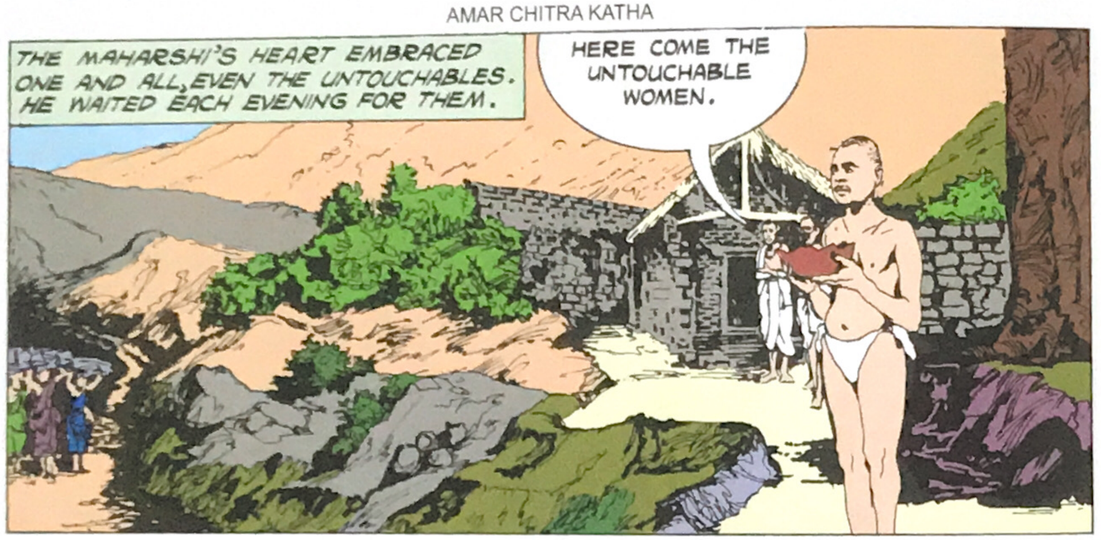

THE SWAMI CAN READ AND WRITE!

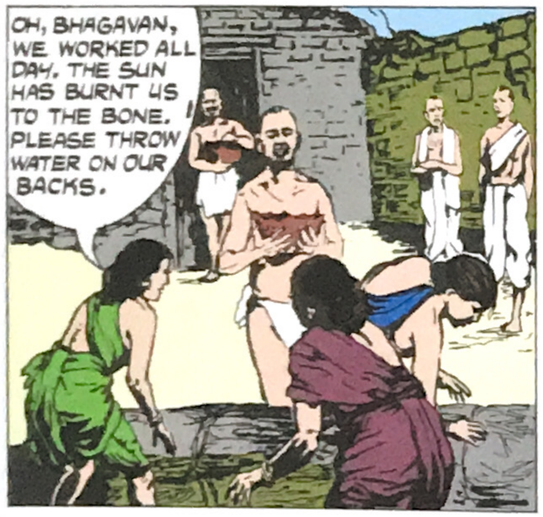

THE NEWS THAT THE SWAMI'S NAME WAS VENKATARAMAN AND THAT HE CAME FROM TIRUCHUZHI SPREAD, TILL IT REACHED THE EARS OF HIS MOTHER. ALAGAMMAL CAME TO TIRUVANNAMALAI.
MY SON, HOW GLAD I AM TO HAVE FOUND YOU AT LAST!


PLEASE COME BACK HOME WITH ME, SON.
BUT A SWAMI IS A MAN OF GOD. HE HAS NEITHER FATHER NOR MOTHER; NEITHER HAS HE A HOME. RAMANA ONLY LOOKED AT HER IN SILENCE. SO ALAGAMMAL HAD TO RETURN HOME DISAPPOINTED.

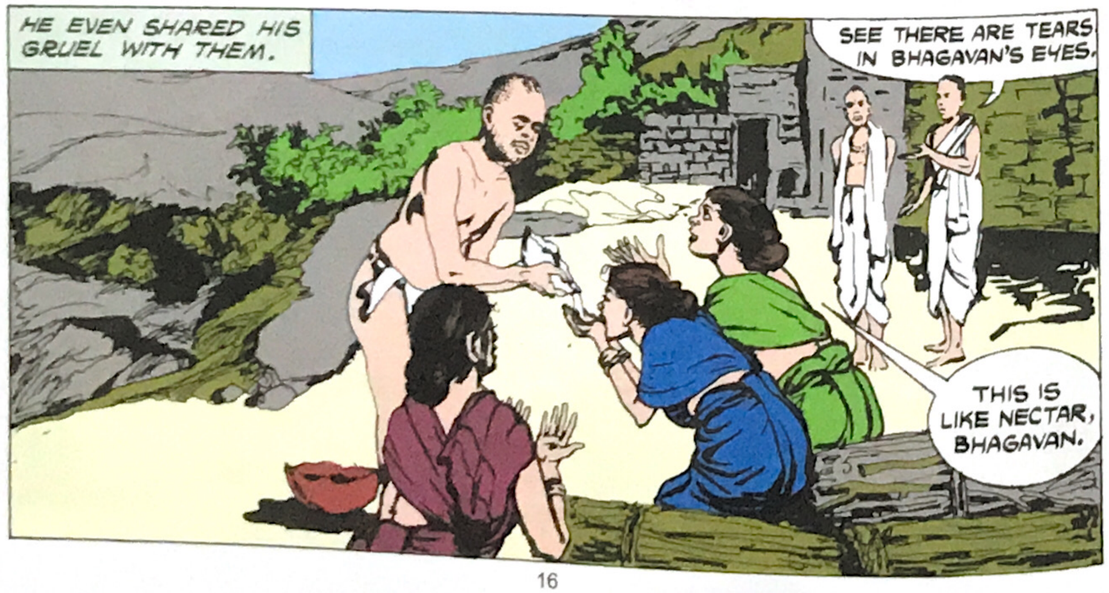

THOUGH THE SWAMI SPOKE NOT A WORD, PEOPLE BEGAN TO FLOCK TO HIM. HE MOVED FROM ONE PLACE TO ANOTHER ON THE HILL AND REACHED VIRUPAKSHA CAVE.
THOUGH HE PREFERRED TO REMAIN IN SILENCE HE ANSWERED THE QUESTIONS AND CLEARED THE DOUBTS OF HIS DEVOTEES.
AT THIS TIME, A GREAT SCHOLAR, GANAPATI MUNI, CAME TO SEE THE SWAMI.
I HAVE READ ALL THAT NEEDS TO BE READ. I HAVE STUDIED THE WHOLE OF THE VEDANTA AND PRACTISED SEVERE AUSTERITIES. YET I AM DISSATISFIED. I SEEK REFUGE AT YOUR FEET.
THE YOUNG SWAMI SPOKE A FEW WORDS TO THE SCHOLAR AND GANAPATI MUNI FOUND THE PEACE HE HAD BEEN LOOKING FOR.
HE IS A GREAT MAN. ONE WHO HAS ATTAINED TRUE KNOWLEDGE.
FROM NOW ON, HE SHOULD BE CALLED BHAGAVAN SRI RAMANA MAHARSHI.
AND IT IS BY THIS NAME THAT HE HAS COME TO BE KNOWN.

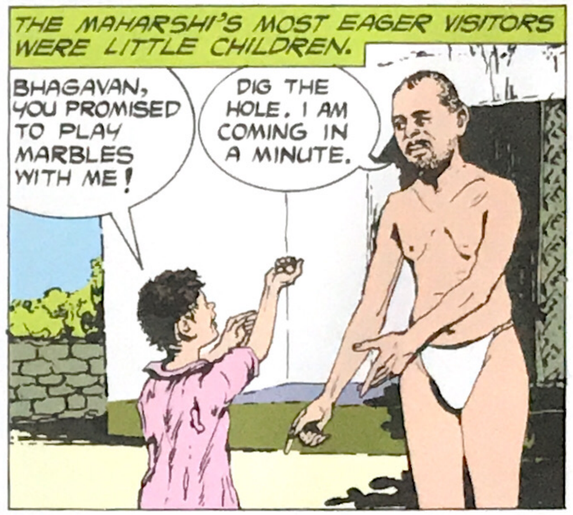

A SMALL GROUP OF DEVOTEES, HEADED BY PALANISWAMI, MADE THE LITTLE CAVE THEIR HOME.
BHAGAVAN, HERE IS THE RICE WE GOT AS ALMS IN THE TOWN.
IT'S NOT ENOUGH FOR US ALL. ADD A LOT OF WATER AND MAKE A THIN GRUEL.
ADD SOME GINGER AND LEMON LEAVES. WE'LL DRINK IT IN THE EVENING WHEN IT BECOMES COOL.
AND IN THE EVENING, THE COOL GRUEL WOULD TASTE DELICIOUS, AND ALL WERE SATISFIED WITH THE SIMPLE MEAL.
ONE OF THE MAHARSHI'S EARLY DEVOTEES WAS ECHAMMAL.
MY HUSBAND AND CHILDREN ARE DEAD. BHAGAVAN, I HAVE NO ONE. I HAVE COME TO YOU FOR COMFORT.
THE MAHARSHI DID NOT SPEAK. ECHAMMAL WAITED. THEN SUDDENLY—
WHAT IS THIS? MY SORROWS ARE MELTING AWAY. I FEEL A DEEP PEACE JUST BY SITTING HERE. HE DOES NOT SPEAK. BUT HIS SILENCE GIVES MORE SOLACE THAN WORDS.

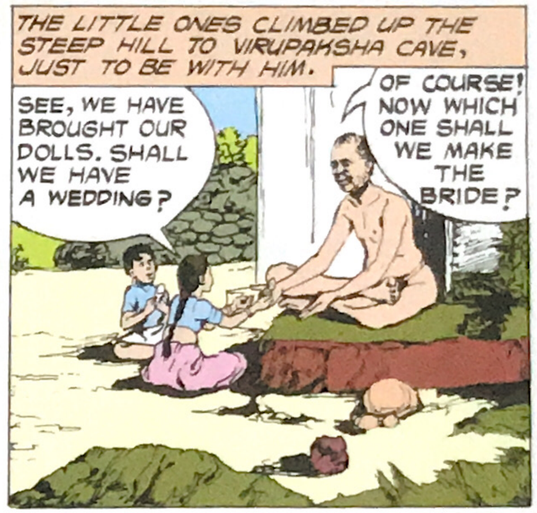

THE MAHARSHI'S HEART EMBRACED ONE AND ALL, EVEN THE UNTOUCHABLES. HE WAITED EACH EVENING FOR THEM.
HERE COME THE UNTOUCHABLE WOMEN.

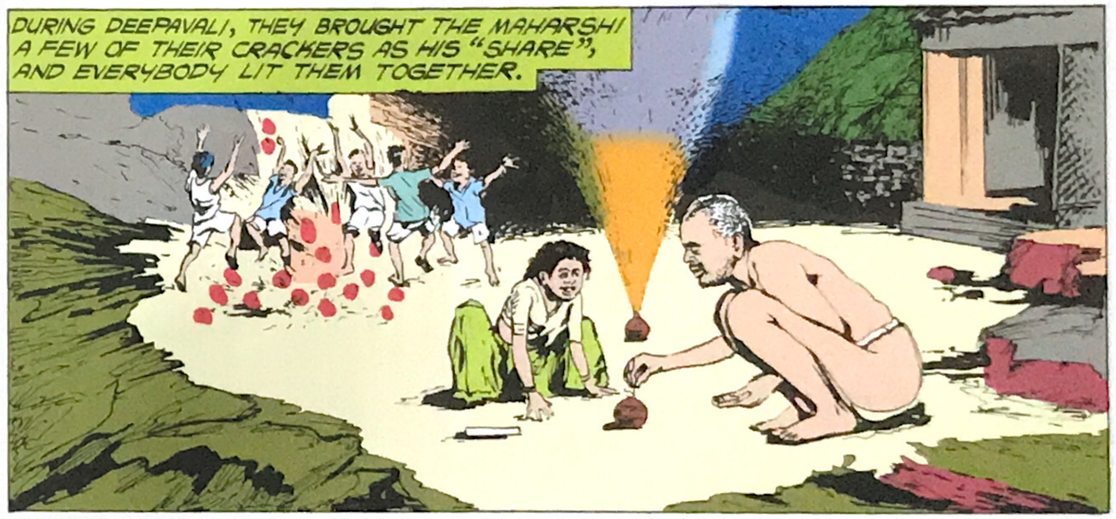

OH, BHAGAVAN, WE WORKED ALL DAY. THE SUN HAS BURNT US TO THE BONE. PLEASE THROW WATER ON OUR BACKS.

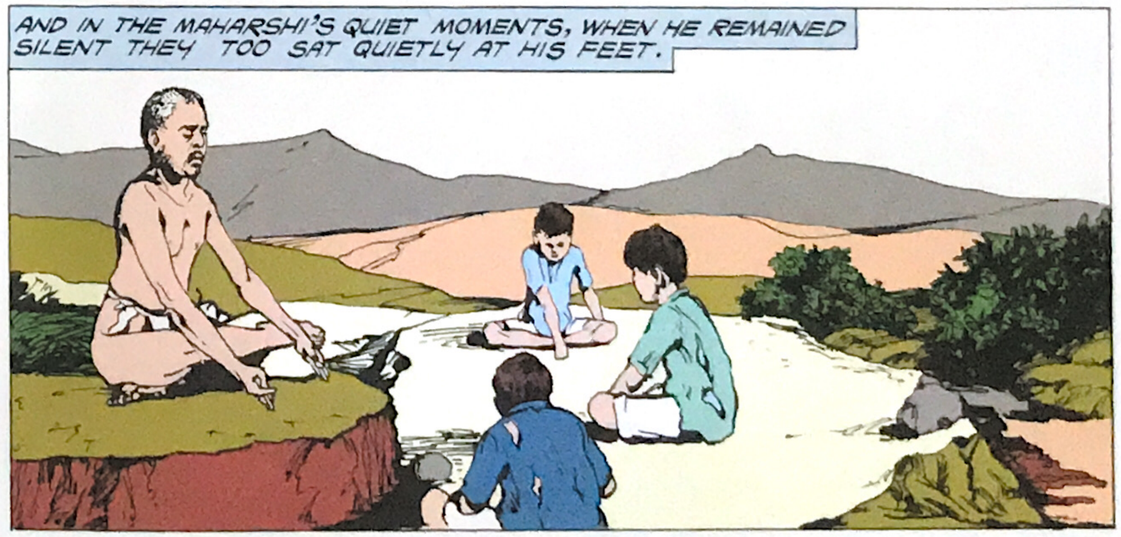
AH! HOW WONDERFUL THAT FEELS!

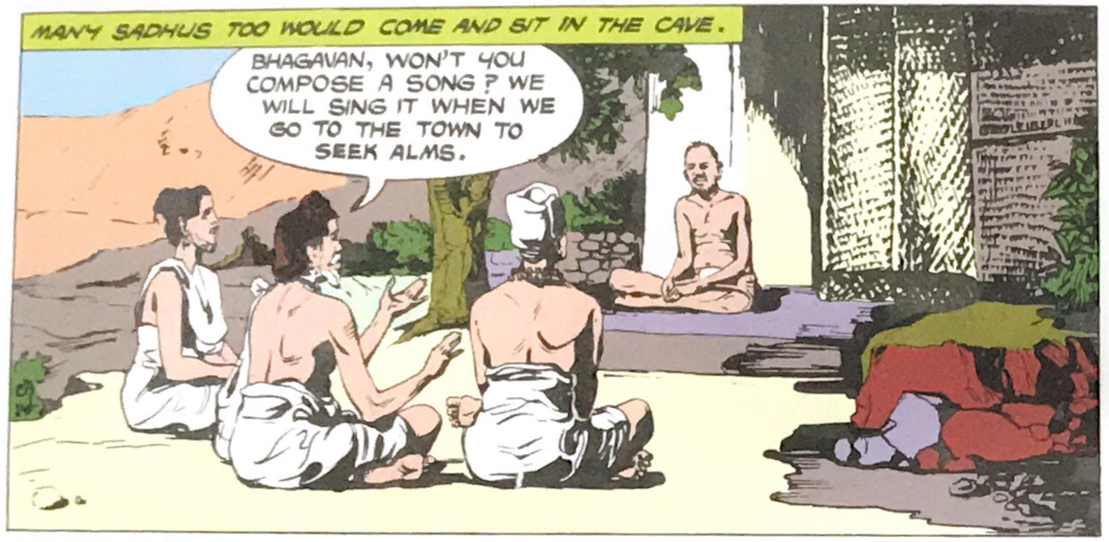

HE EVEN SHARED HIS GRUEL WITH THEM.
SEE THERE ARE TEARS IN BHAGAVAN'S EYES.
THIS IS LIKE NECTAR, BHAGAVAN.

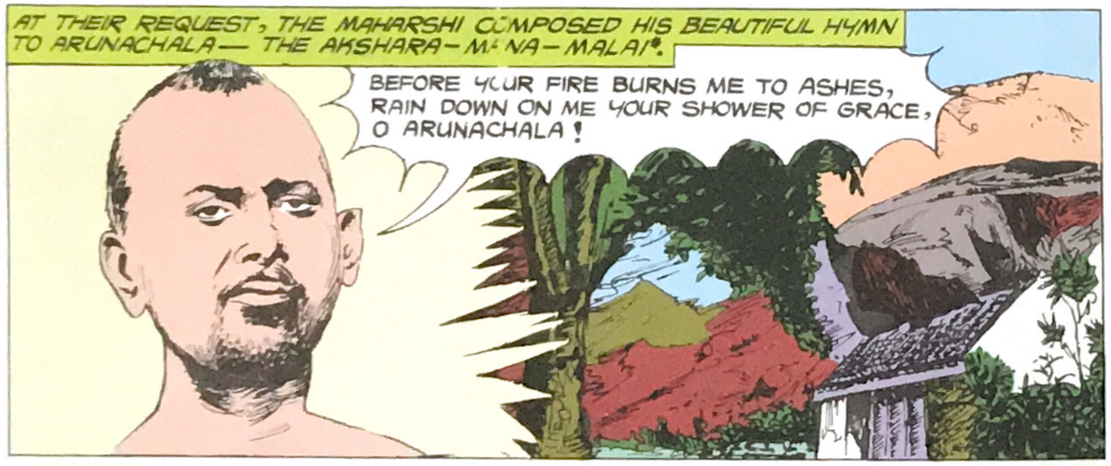

THE MAHARSHI'S MOST EAGER VISITORS WERE LITTLE CHILDREN.
BHAGAVAN, YOU PROMISED TO PLAY MARBLES WITH ME!
DIG THE HOLE. I AM COMING IN A MINUTE.

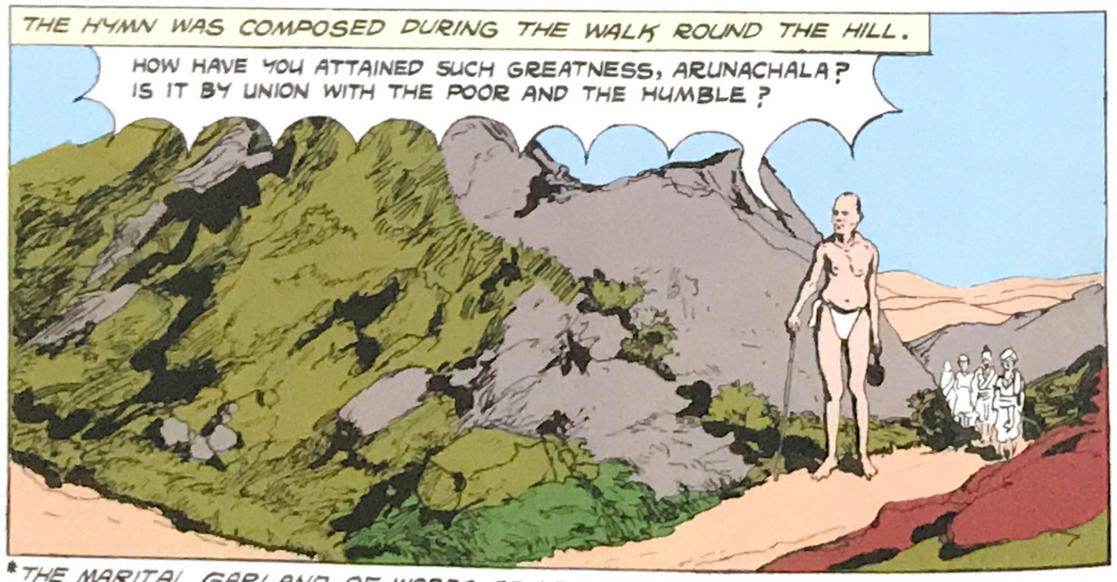

THE LITTLE ONES CLIMBED UP THE STEEP HILL TO VIRUPAKSHA CAVE, JUST TO BE WITH HIM.
SEE, WE HAVE BROUGHT OUR DOLLS. SHALL WE HAVE A WEDDING?
OF COURSE! NOW WHICH ONE SHALL WE MAKE THE BRIDE?


DURING DEEPAVALI, THEY BROUGHT THE MAHARSHI A FEW OF THEIR CRACKERS AS HIS "SHARE", AND EVERYBODY LIT THEM TOGETHER.

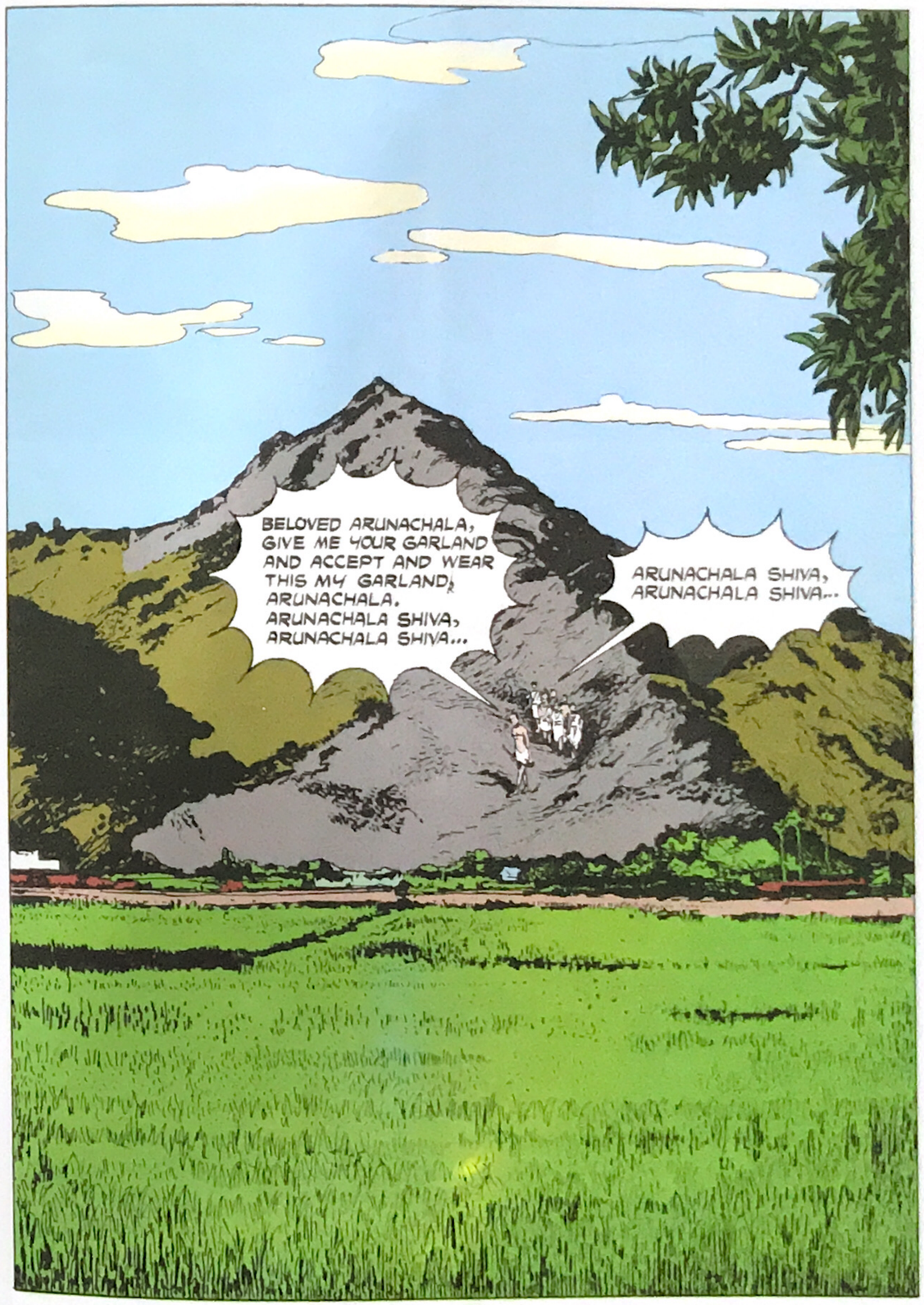

AND IN THE MAHARSHI'S QUIET MOMENTS, WHEN HE REMAINED SILENT THEY TOO SAT QUIETLY AT HIS FEET.

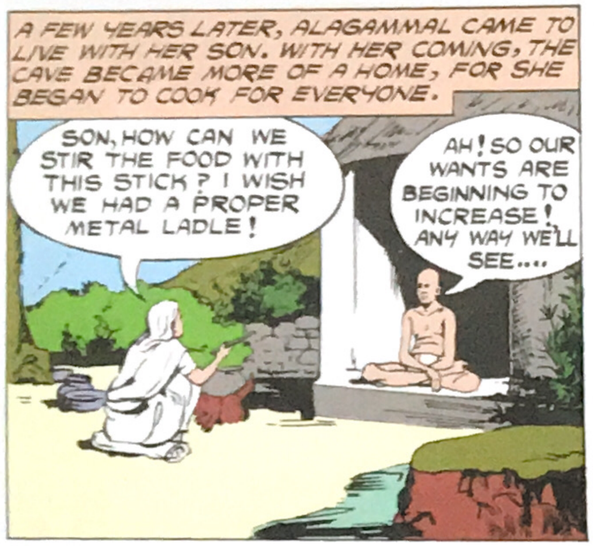


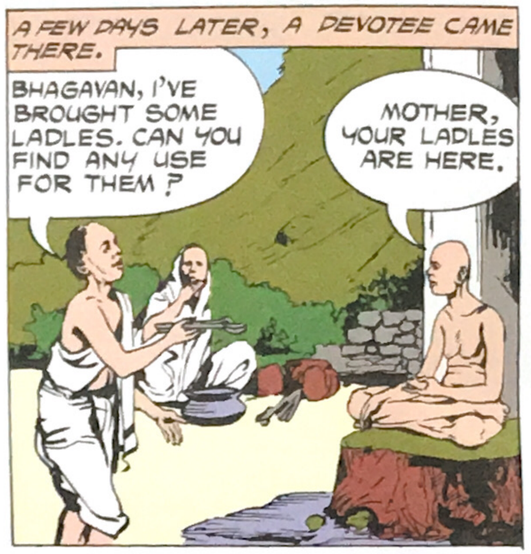


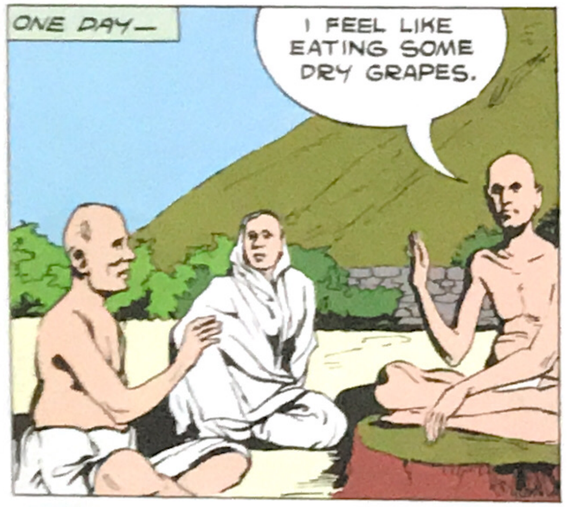


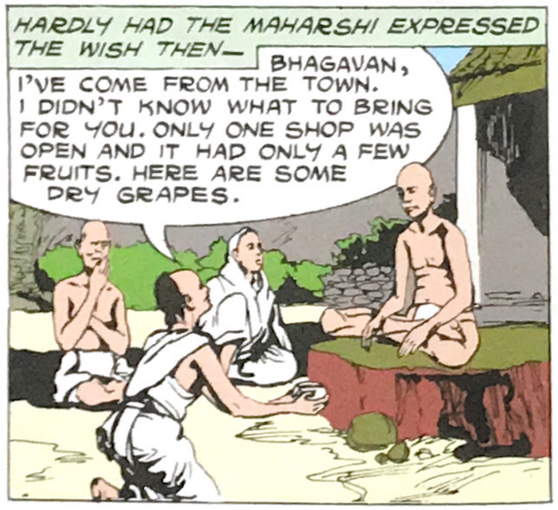
*THE MARITAL GARLAND OF WORDS OR LETTERS

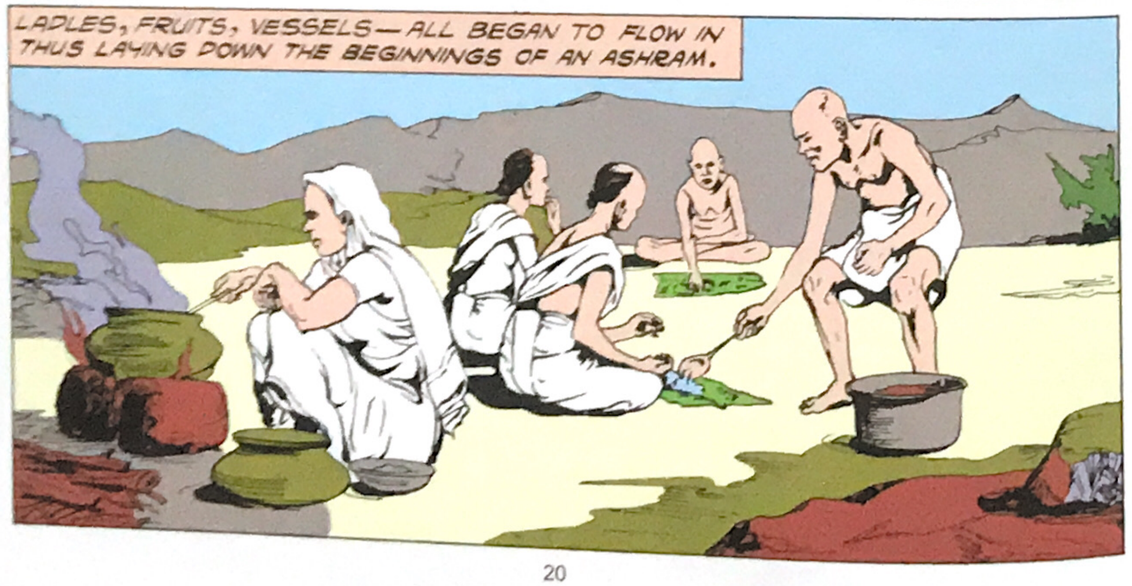


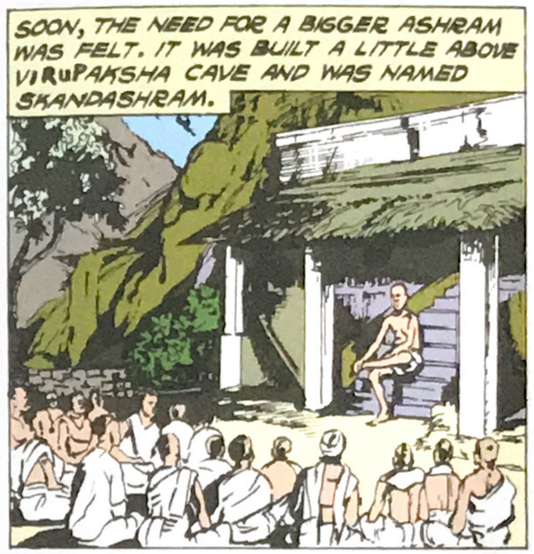


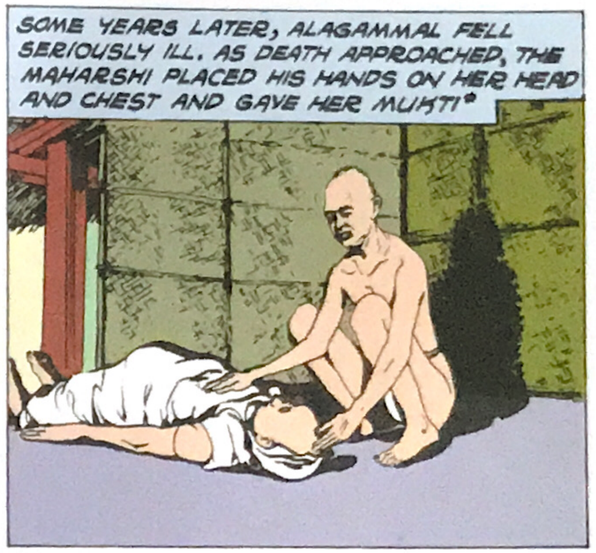


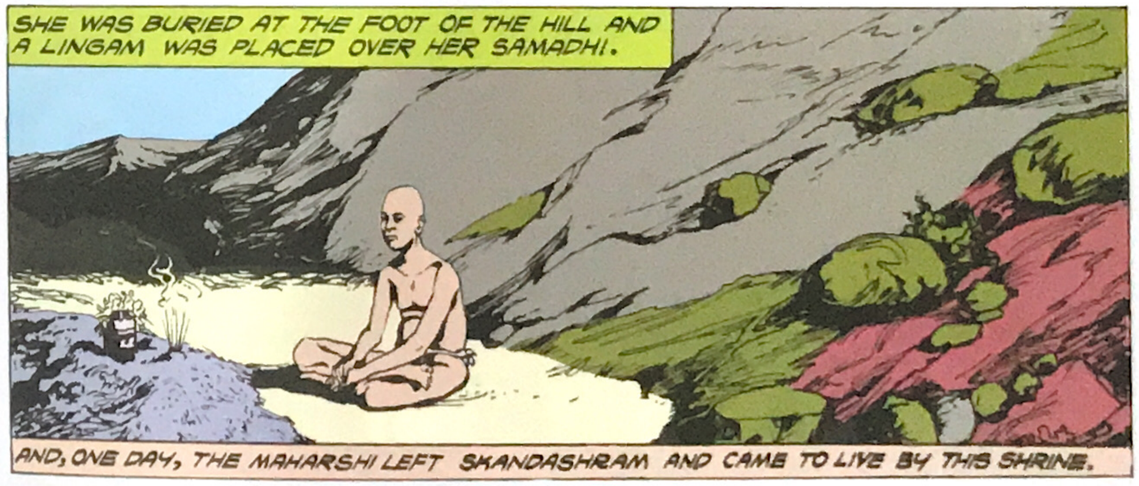


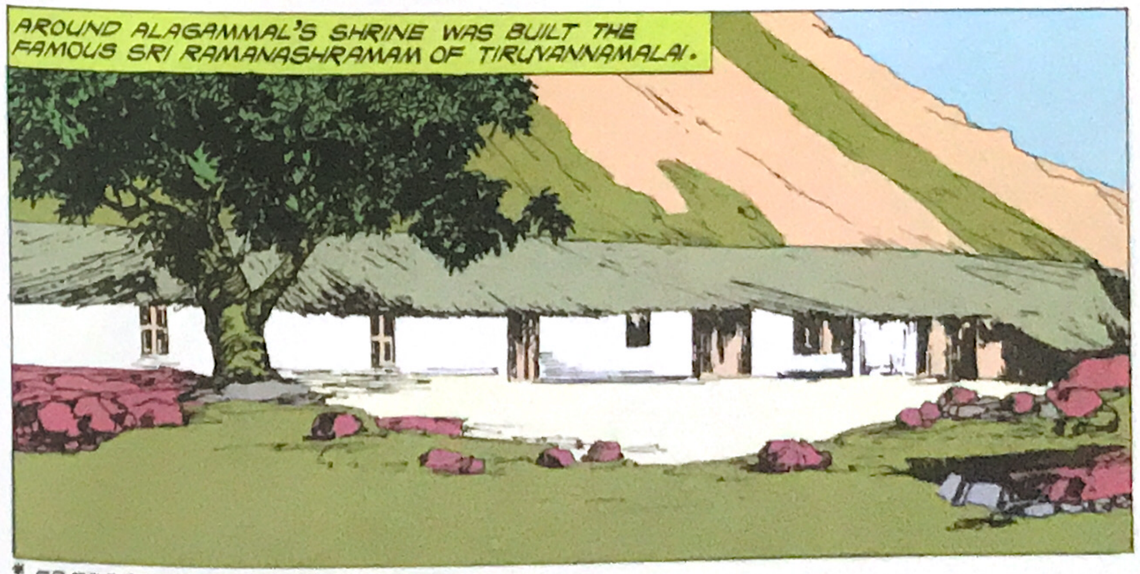




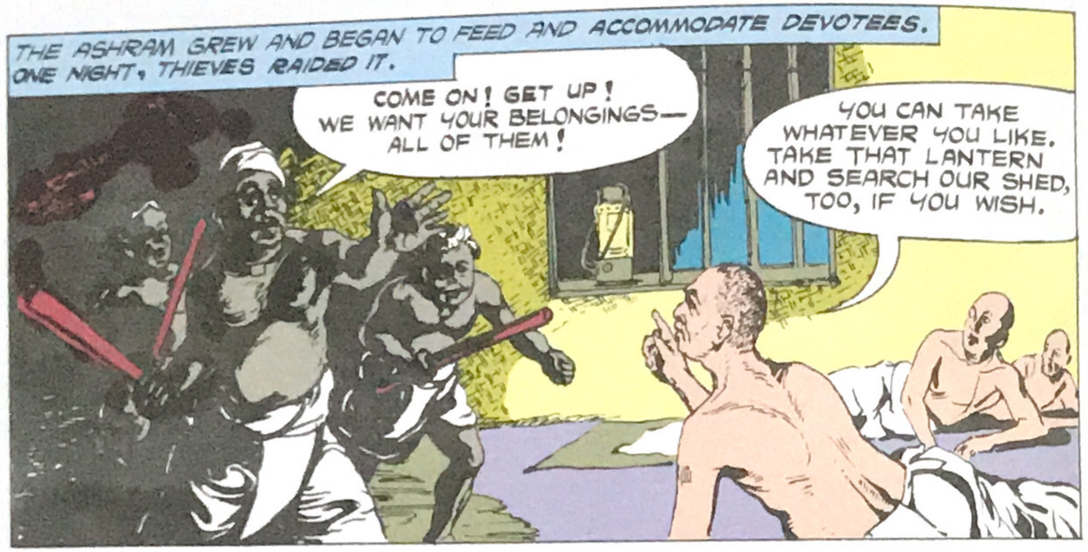


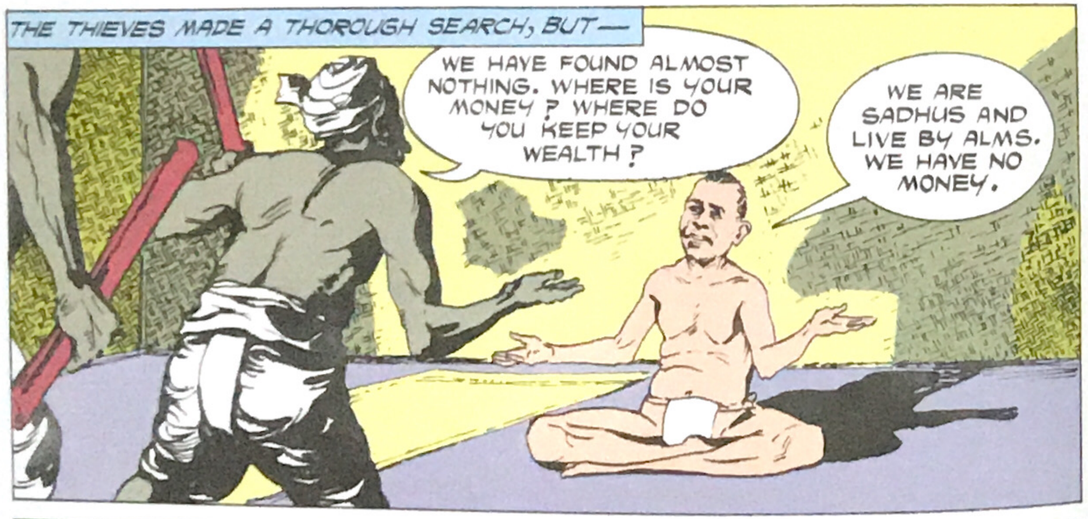


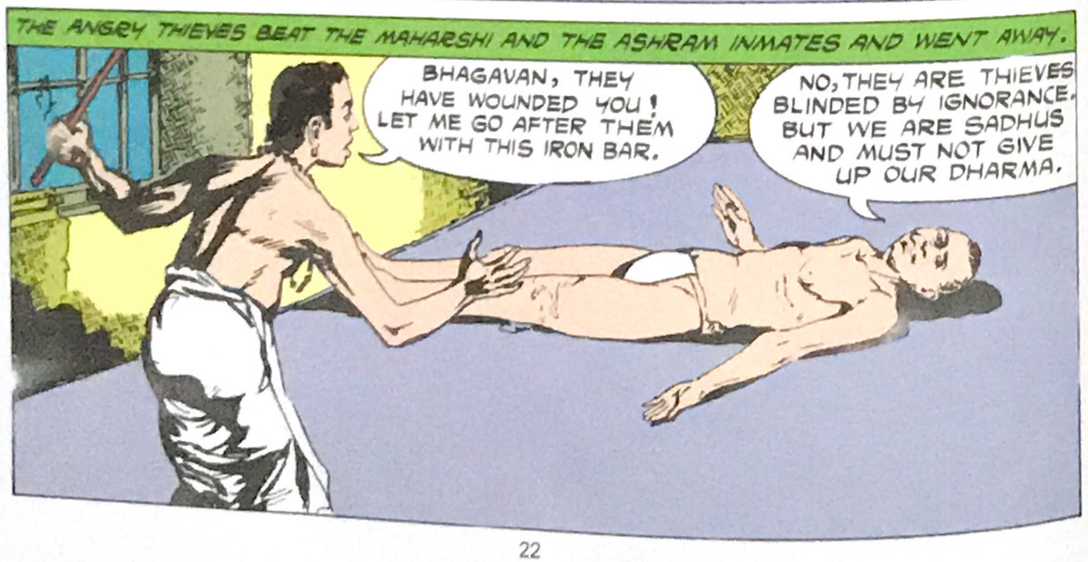


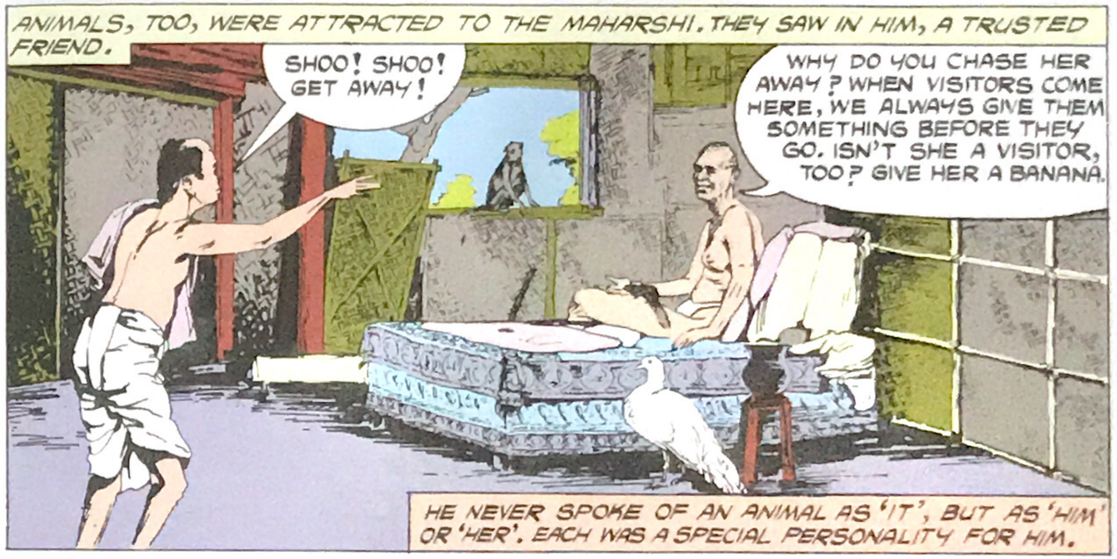


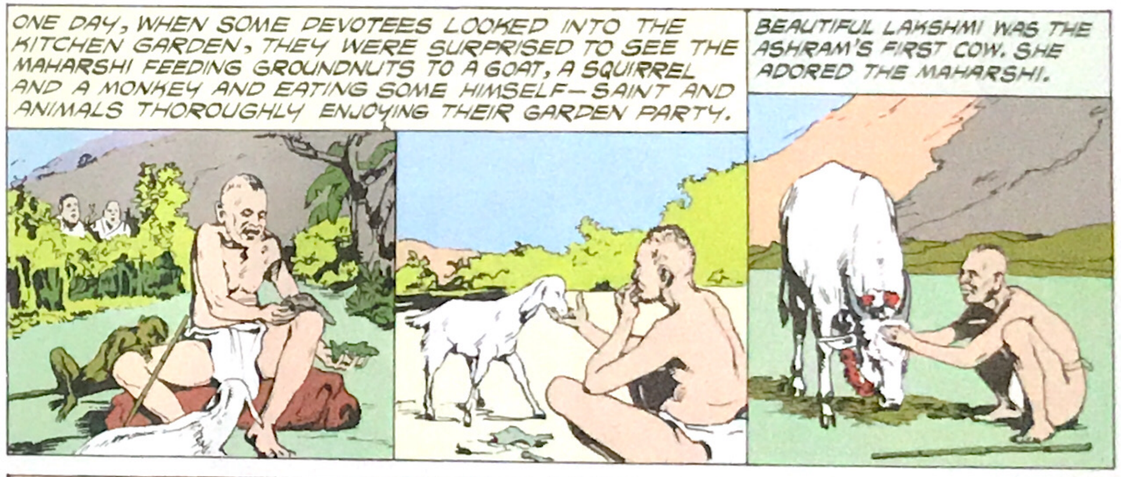
* FREEDOM FROM FURTHER BIRTH

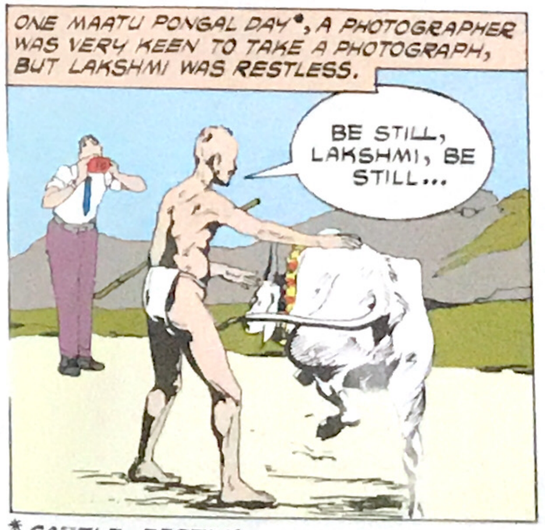


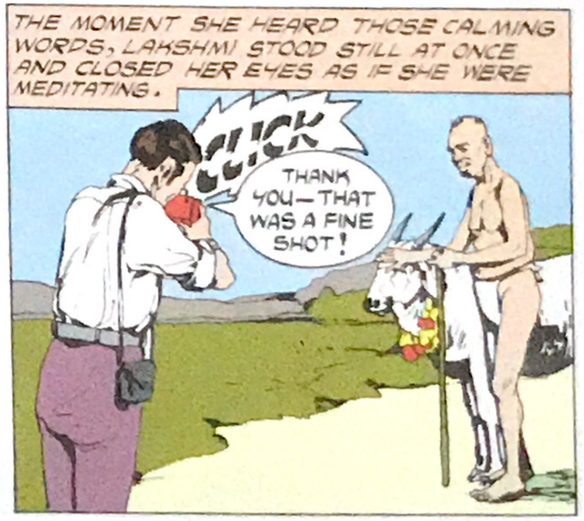




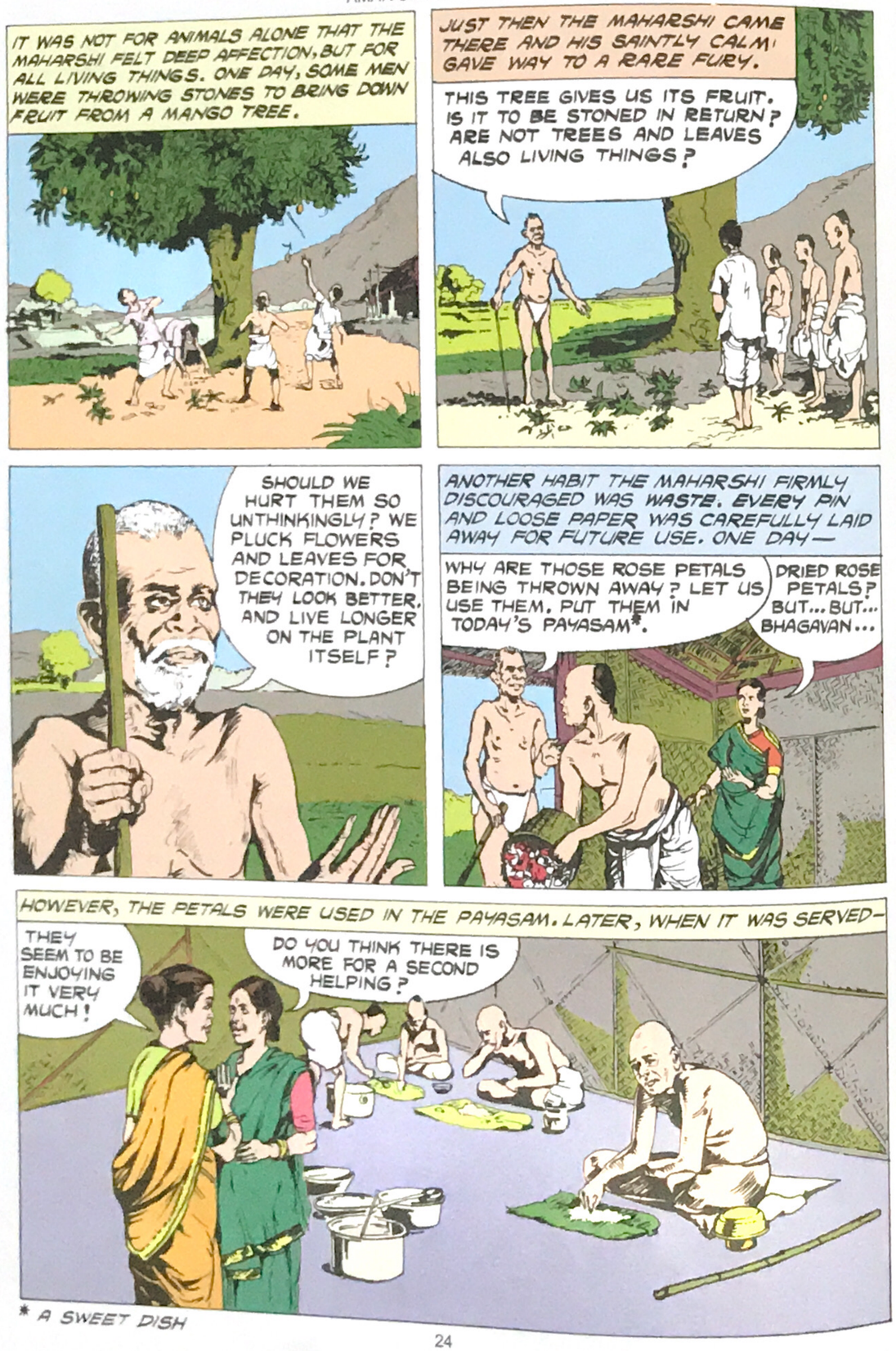




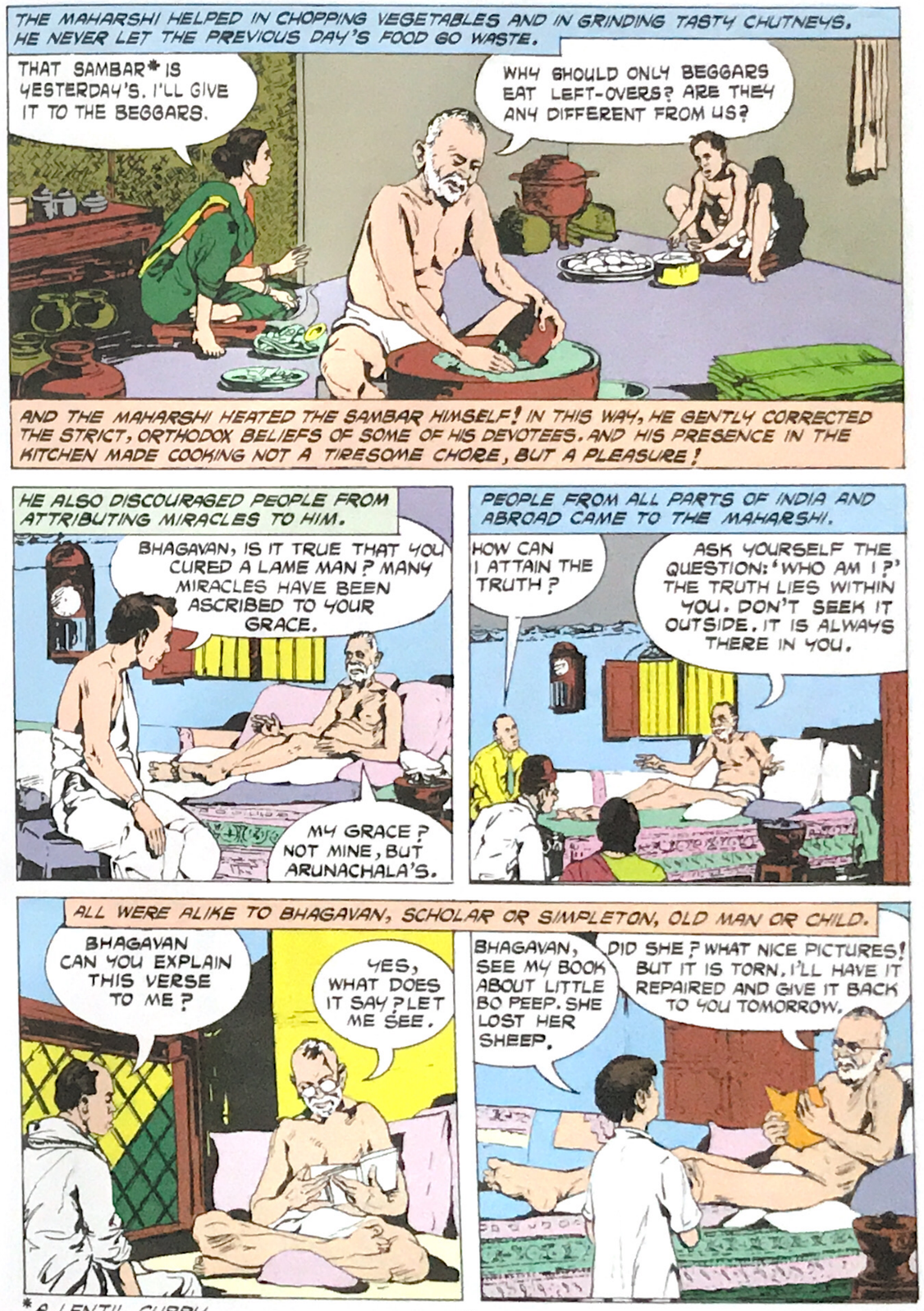




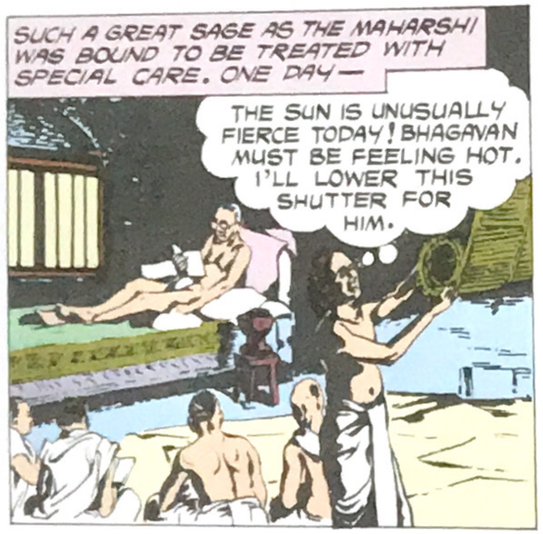
* CATTLE FESTIVAL

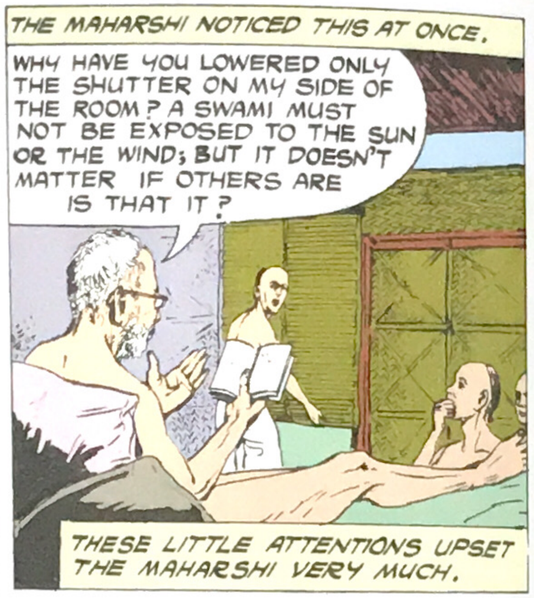


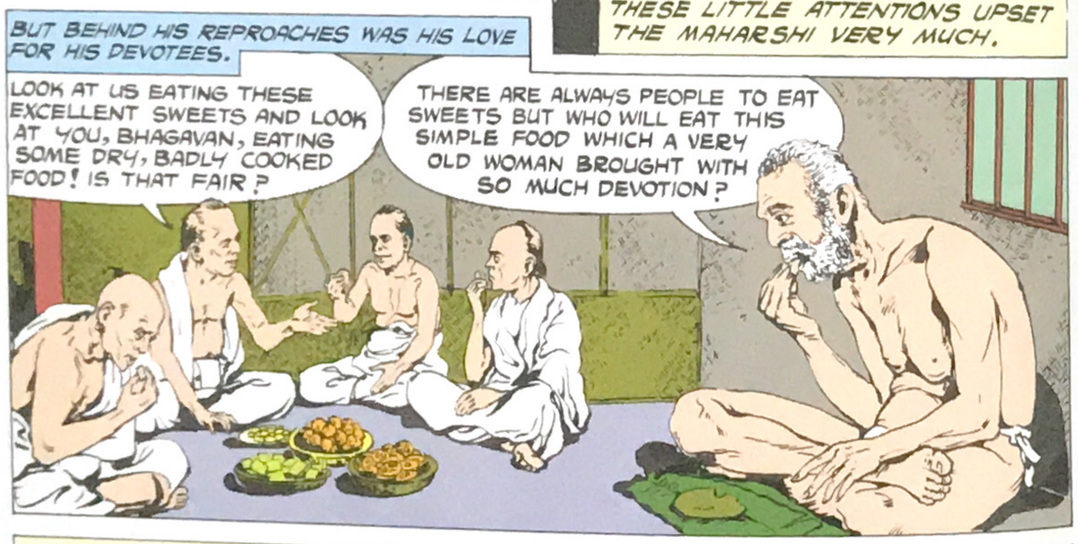
* A SWEET DISH

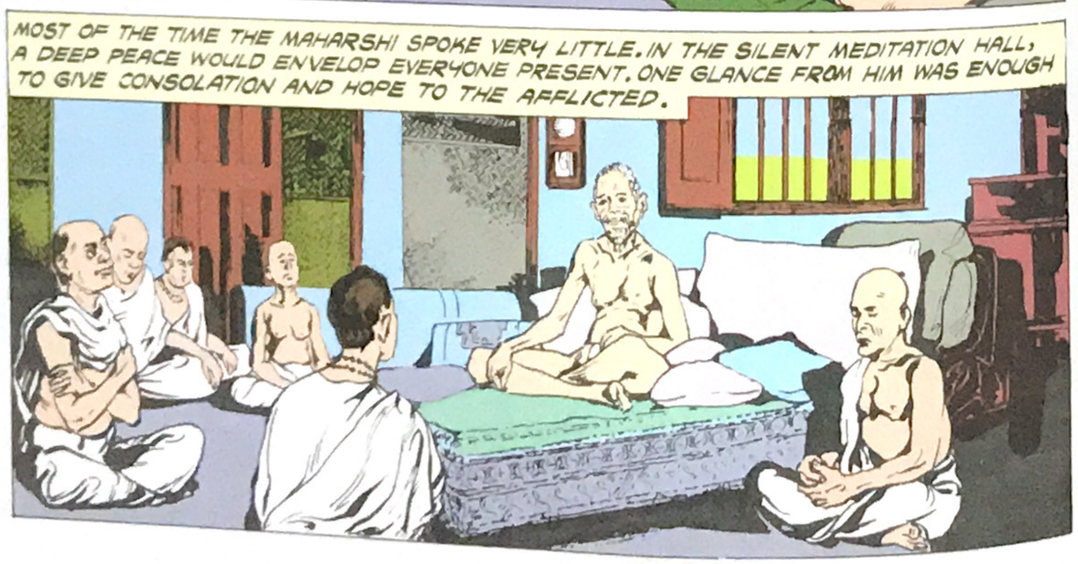


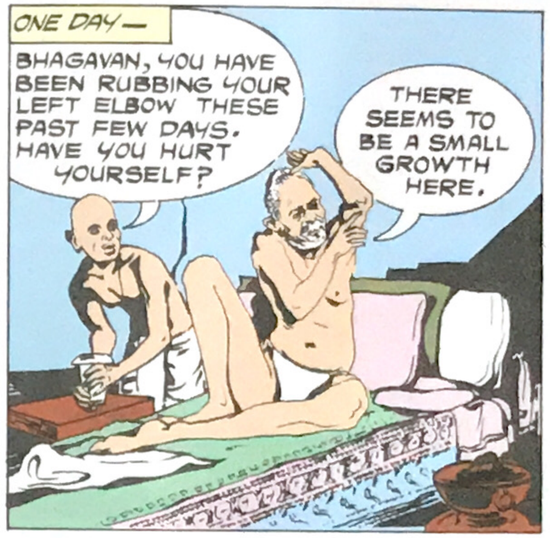
*A LENTIL CURRY

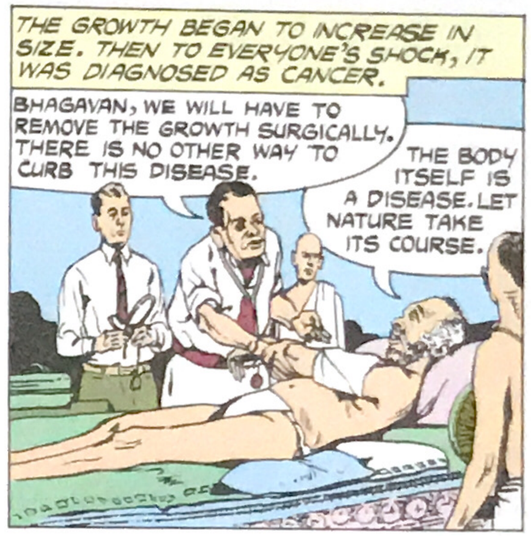

SUCH A GREAT SAGE AS THE MAHARSHI WAS BOUND TO BE TREATED WITH SPECIAL CARE. ONE DAY—
THE SUN IS UNUSUALLY FIERCE TODAY! BHAGAVAN MUST BE FEELING HOT. I'LL LOWER THIS SHUTTER FOR HIM.

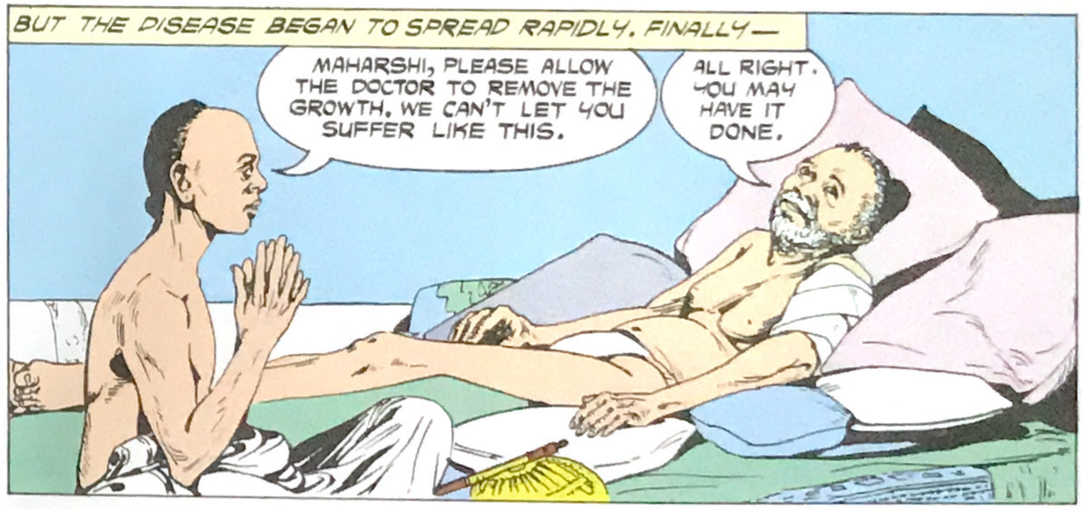

THE MAHARSHI NOTICED THIS AT ONCE.
WHY HAVE YOU LOWERED ONLY THE SHUTTER ON MY SIDE OF THE ROOM? A SWAMI MUST NOT BE EXPOSED TO THE SUN OR THE WIND; BUT IT DOESN'T MATTER IF OTHERS ARE IS THAT IT?
THESE LITTLE ATTENTIONS UPSET THE MAHARSHI VERY MUCH.

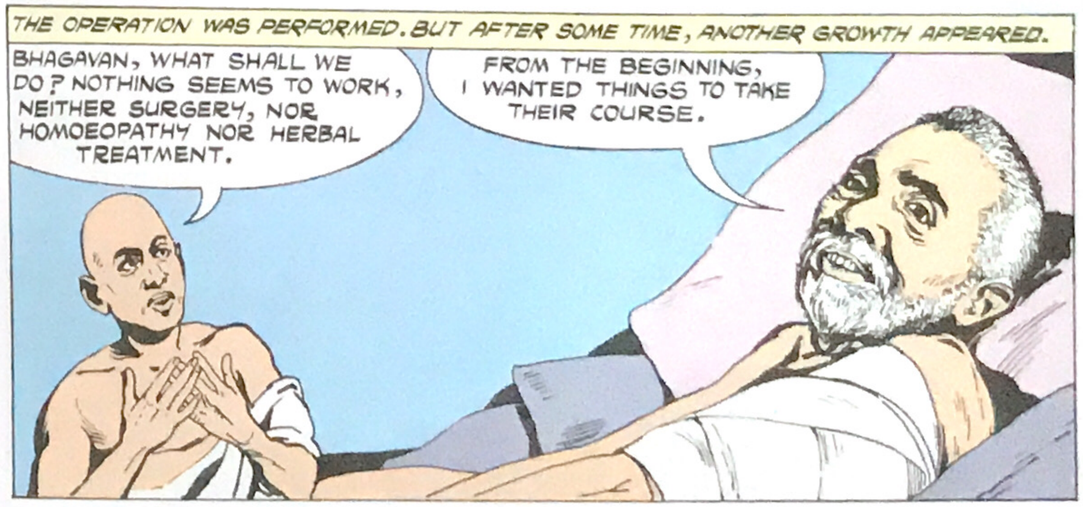

BUT BEHIND HIS REPROACHES WAS HIS LOVE FOR HIS DEVOTEES.
LOOK AT US EATING THESE EXCELLENT SWEETS AND LOOK AT YOU, BHAGAVAN, EATING SOME DRY, BADLY COOKED FOOD! IS THAT FAIR?
THERE ARE ALWAYS PEOPLE TO EAT SWEETS BUT WHO WILL EAT THIS SIMPLE FOOD WHICH A VERY OLD WOMAN BROUGHT WITH SO MUCH DEVOTION?

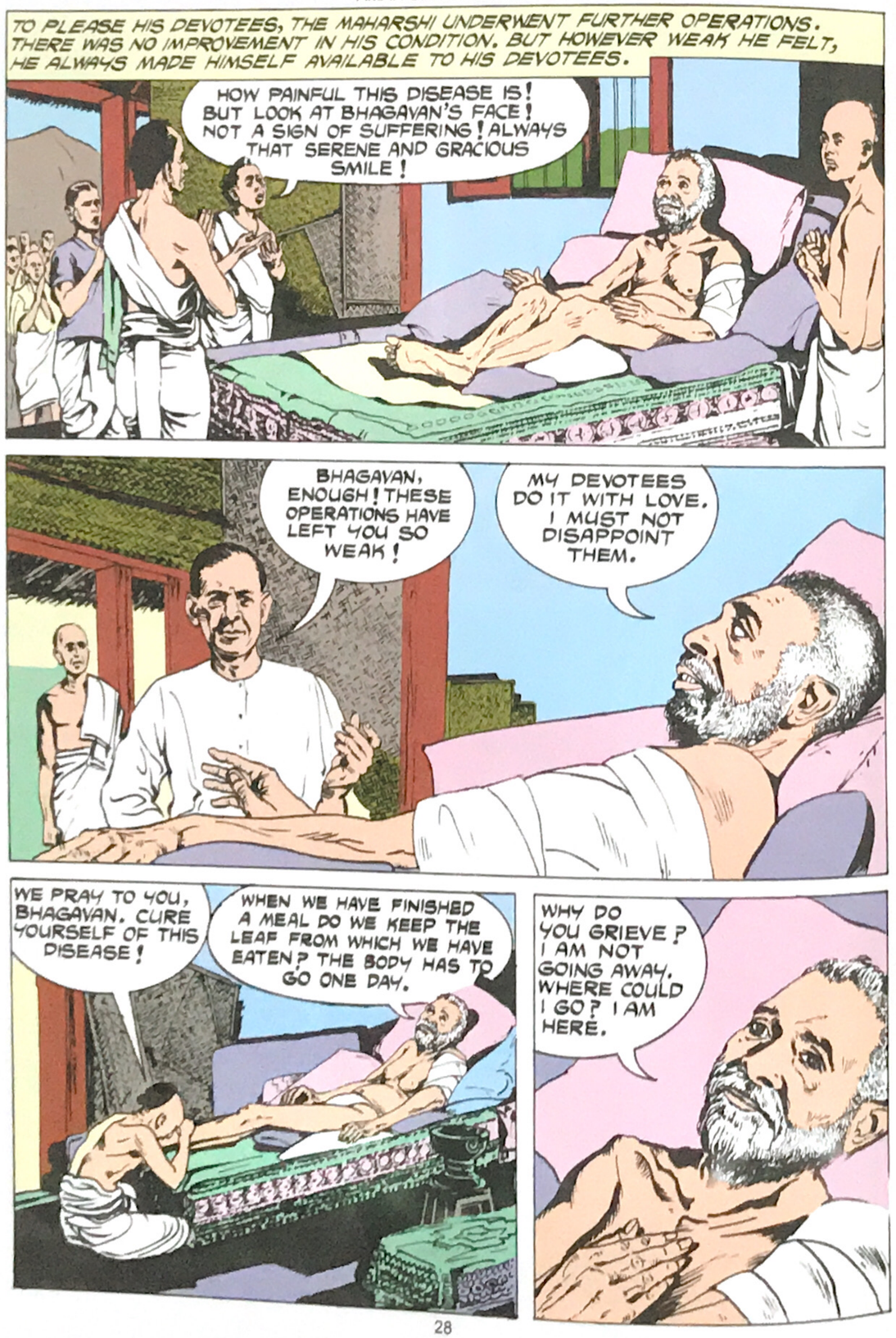

MOST OF THE TIME THE MAHARSHI SPOKE VERY LITTLE. IN THE SILENT MEDITATION HALL, A DEEP PEACE WOULD ENVELOP EVERYONE PRESENT. ONE GLANCE FROM HIM WAS ENOUGH TO GIVE CONSOLATION AND HOPE TO THE AFFLICTED.

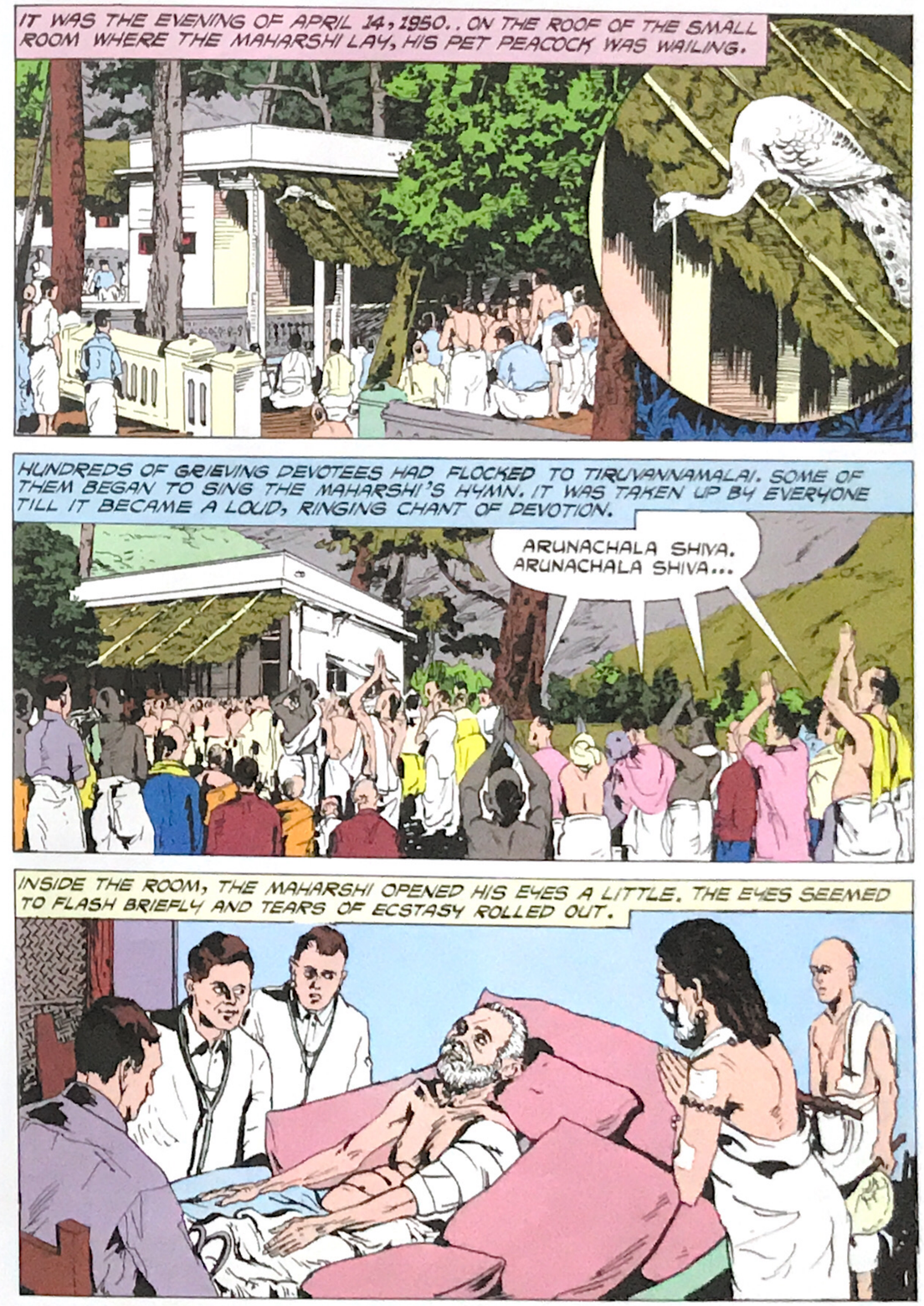

ONE DAY—
BHAGAVAN, YOU HAVE BEEN RUBBING YOUR LEFT ELBOW THESE PAST FEW DAYS. HAVE YOU HURT YOURSELF?
THERE SEEMS TO BE A SMALL GROWTH HERE.

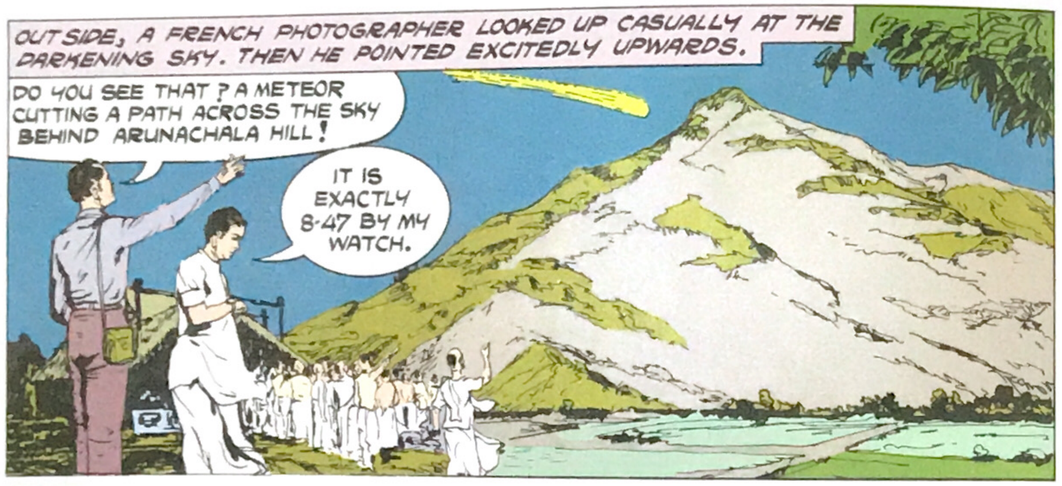

THE GROWTH BEGAN TO INCREASE IN SIZE. THEN TO EVERYONE'S SHOCK, IT WAS DIAGNOSED AS CANCER.
BHAGAVAN, WE WILL HAVE TO REMOVE THE GROWTH SURGICALLY. THERE IS NO OTHER WAY TO CURB THIS DISEASE.
THE BODY ITSELF IS A DISEASE. LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE.

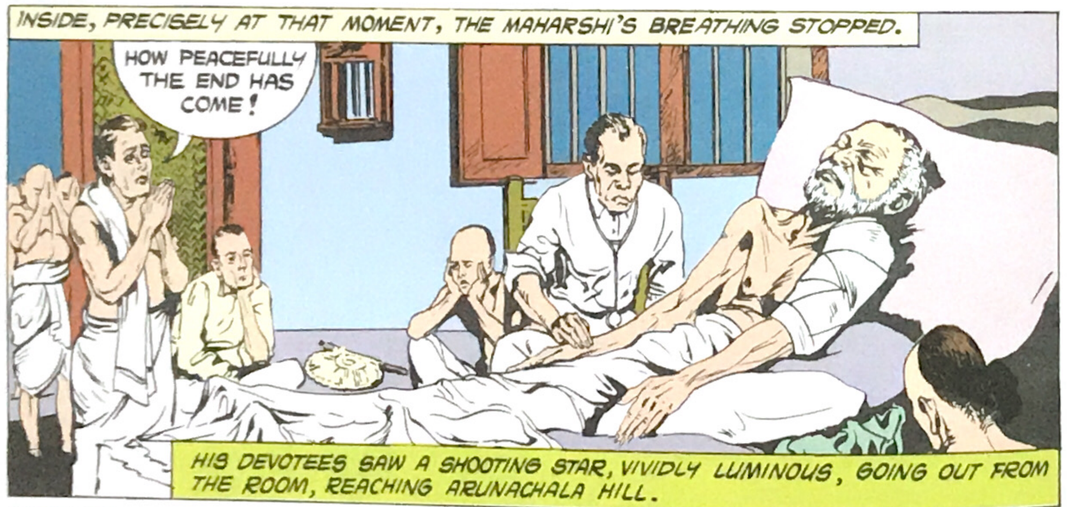

BUT THE DISEASE BEGAN TO SPREAD RAPIDLY. FINALLY—
MAHARSHI, PLEASE ALLOW THE DOCTOR TO REMOVE THE GROWTH. WE CAN'T LET YOU SUFFER LIKE THIS.
ALL RIGHT. YOU MAY HAVE IT DONE.


THE OPERATION WAS PERFORMED. BUT AFTER SOME TIME, ANOTHER GROWTH APPEARED.
BHAGAVAN, WHAT SHALL WE DO? NOTHING SEEMS TO WORK, NEITHER SURGERY, NOR HOMOEOPATHY NOR HERBAL TREATMENT.
FROM THE BEGINNING, I WANTED THINGS TO TAKE THEIR COURSE.


TO PLEASE HIS DEVOTEES, THE MAHARSHI UNDERWENT FURTHER OPERATIONS. THERE WAS NO IMPROVEMENT IN HIS CONDITION. BUT HOWEVER WEAK HE FELT, HE ALWAYS MADE HIMSELF AVAILABLE TO HIS DEVOTEES.
HOW PAINFUL THIS DISEASE IS! BUT LOOK AT BHAGAVAN'S FACE! NOT A SIGN OF SUFFERING! ALWAYS THAT SERENE AND GRACIOUS SMILE!
BHAGAVAN, ENOUGH! THESE OPERATIONS HAVE LEFT YOU SO WEAK!
MY DEVOTEES DO IT WITH LOVE. I MUST NOT DISAPPOINT THEM.
WE PRAY TO YOU, BHAGAVAN. CURE YOURSELF OF THIS DISEASE!
WHEN WE HAVE FINISHED A MEAL DO WE KEEP THE LEAF FROM WHICH WE HAVE EATEN? THE BODY HAS TO GO ONE DAY.
WHY DO YOU GRIEVE? I AM NOT GOING AWAY. WHERE COULD I GO? I AM HERE.


IT WAS THE EVENING OF APRIL 14, 1950.. ON THE ROOF OF THE SMALL ROOM WHERE THE MAHARSHI LAY, HIS PET PEACOCK WAS WAILING.
HUNDREDS OF GRIEVING DEVOTEES HAD FLOCKED TO TIRUVANNAMALAI. SOME OF THEM BEGAN TO SING THE MAHARSHI'S HYMN. IT WAS TAKEN UP BY EVERYONE TILL IT BECAME A LOUD, RINGING CHANT OF DEVOTION.
ARUNACHALA SHIVA. ARUNACHALA SHIVA...
INSIDE THE ROOM, THE MAHARSHI OPENED HIS EYES A LITTLE. THE EYES SEEMED TO FLASH BRIEFLY AND TEARS OF ECSTASY ROLLED OUT.





मस्ती, मनोरंजन और ज्ञान का भंडार

टिंकल

स्पेशल डाइजेस्ट

सभी बुक स्टॉल पर उपलब्ध।

सुपंडी, शिकारी शंभु, तंत्री मंत्री, कालिया कौआ, प्यारेलाल और आपके बाकी प्यारे दोस्तों की मस्ती भरी कहानियों का अनोखा संग्रह...

तो आप अपना टिंकल स्पेशल डाइजेस्ट का संग्रह कब बना रहे हैं ?

अपनी प्रति आज ही सुरक्षित करें...

जल्दी ही अपनी निकटतम बुक स्टॉल से टिंकल स्पेशल डाइजेस्ट की प्रति खरीदें या लॉग ऑन करें www.amarchitrakatha.com